Young America Writes to the President

Turn to page 22

FIFTEEN CENTS

February 27, 1940

NEW MASSES

The Land of Youth

by the Dean of Canterbury

When We Fought the USSR

The Story Behind General Graves' 'America's Siberian Adventure'

The AMA Keeps the Doctor Away

by Edward Sims

The Pelley-Dies Axis

by Adam Lapin

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, REA, REDFIELD, RICHTER, SORIANO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between Ourselves

"ADD another coach, friends, you're taking on more passengers!" This is an excerpt from a letter written to us by an NM "stockholder." We mention it here because it furnishes a heartening composite picture of the way our readers and friends are rallying to the defense of this publication. Recently we called a small emergency meeting of writers, and contributors to the magazine. The purpose of the meeting was to rally our friends for the defense of NM and for closer editorial collaboration. This was prompted by the fact that the Federal Grand Jury sitting in Washington had recently summoned before it two of our editors in an investigation of NM which is really a disguised political witch-hunt.

We went out of that emergency editorial meeting with warm hearts and strengthened determination. Here were a group of men and women, some of whom did not agree with our full editorial program, but all agreed on the necessity of defending a basic American tradition—*freedom of the press*—the freedom to speak your mind even if the administration doesn't like it.

Among the people at this meeting were: Elliot Paul, Millen Brand, George Seldes, Anna Louise Strong, Shaemas O'Sheel, Bruce Minton, Theodore Draper, Isidor Schneider, William Gropper, John L. Spivak, William Blake, Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright, Cora MacAibert, Prof. Edwin Berry Burgum of New York University, Leonard Boudin, Prof. V. J. McGill of *Science and Society,* A. Redfield, Ruth McKenney, John Stuart, James Neugass, Morris Kamman, Major Milton Wolff, Alvah Bessie and others.

"Count on us," they assured our editors. "We're at your call. We consider ourselves a reserve editorial corps for NM in event of *any emergency!*"

Irresistibly out of this meeting came a host of suggestions. Plans were made for a nationwide campaign to defend NM on the urgent issue of untrammeled freedom of the press.

Make a big X on your calendar for this Monday night February 26! The occasion is *your* defense rally for NM at Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St., N. Y. C. Scores of notables in the arts, letters, and drama, will be on hand to do their bit for NM. They include William Blake, author of *The Painter and the Lady, The World Is Mine,* and *An American Looks at Karl Marx.* Mr. Blake will serve as chairman of the meeting. Among other speakers, at this writing, are: Prof. Edwin Berry Burgum, New York University, prominent educator and a frequent contributor to this publication; Ruth McKenney, author of *My Sister Eileen* and *Industrial Valley;* Maurice Becker, outstanding artist who has been associated with the magazine from its very beginnings back in 1911; Shaemas O'Sheel, Irish author, critic, and recently candidate of the American Labor Party for sheriff in Dutchess County, N. Y.; Prof. Max Yergan, prominent Negro educator, and Joseph North, editor of NM.

Others who will be present include: Elliot Paul, author of *Life and Death of a Spanish Town, The Stars and Stripes Forever,* and other books; Millen Brand, author of *The Heroes* and *The Outward Room;* George Seldes, veteran war correspondent and author of *Lords of the Press* and *The Catholic Crisis;* John L. Spivak, the man who exposed Father Coughlin and author of a forthcoming book on Silver Charlie, *The Shrine of the Silver Dollar;* Anna Louise Strong, author of *Two Worlds;* V. J. McGill, an editor of *Science and Society;* Leonard Boudin, labor attorney; A. Redfield, cartoonist; William Gropper, who has been associated with NM from the earliest days; Bruce Minton and John Stuart, co-authors of *Men Who Lead Labor* and a forthcoming book, *The Fat Years and the Lean;* Cora MacAlbert, magazine writer, and Theodore Draper and Isidor Schneider, former editors of NM. Admission to the Webster Hall Rally will be free.

Watch the columns of the daily press for further last-minute announcements about this meeting.

Remember: Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St., at 8 p.m., Monday, February 26.

Joseph Starobin's article on the American Youth Congress pilgrimage in last week's NM contained a misleading suggestion as to the President's use of the word "twaddle." The President said it was "twaddle" to think that American loans to Finland might involve us in "the imperialistic war." He did not, as the author suggested, imply that the characterization "imperialist" was twaddle. On the other hand, it has been offered around our office that instead of counterposing "Tweedledum" to "Tweedle-FD," the author might have used the pun "Twaddle-FD."

Ernest Hemingway, Sidney Kingsley, Morris Carnovsky, Elliot Paul, Clifford Odets, Leif Erickson, and many other liberal people in all walks of cultural life are sponsoring a monster benefit given by the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade to succor and release the seven American boys still in Franco's prisons, whose plight Alvah Bessie describes on page 19 of this issue. The place is Mecca Temple, N. Y. C.; the time, Sunday evening, February 25. Entertainment will be provided by the Group Theater, Luther Adler, Anna Sokolow, Will Geer, Molly Picon, Marc Blitzstein, Hiram Sherman, Philip Loeb, Herbert Rudley, Earl Robinson and chorus, the Rainbow Room Revuers, and others.

Who's Who

THE Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, England, is well known for his frank speaking upon the needs of the English people and the advantages of the socialist system of government. Dean of England's most prominent state church since 1931, he has braved criticism from the tories to champion progress throughout the world. His latest book, for instance, published by Gollancz in London, is *The Socialist Sixth of the World,* a description of life in the USSR, from which we reprint a chapter on youth. . . . Adam Lapin is Washington correspondent for NM and the *Daily Worker.* . . . Gerald Griffin, Jr., is the pseudonym of an English journalist. . . . Alvah Bessie's most recent book is *Men in Battle,* about the American boys who fought in Spain. Bessie, NM dramatic critic, served with the Lincoln Battalion from February 1938 to the end of the war. . . . Cora MacAlbert has written for NM before, as well as for the *New Republic, New Yorker,* and *Coronet.* Herbert Aptheker wrote *The Negro in the Civil War.*

Flashbacks

"THE so-called revolutions of 1848 were but poor incidents, small fractures and fissures in the dry crust of European society," wrote Marx of the cycle of revolts and insurrections which began in France Feb. 23, 1848. "But they revealed an abyss," he continued. "Beneath the apparently solid surface they betrayed oceans of liquid matter only needing expansion to rend into fragments continents of hard work. Noisily and confusedly they proclaimed the emancipation of the proletariat, i.e., the secret of the nineteenth century and of the revolution of that century." . . . William Z. Foster, working class leader and chairman of the Communist Party, USA, was born at Taunton, Mass., Feb. 25, 1881.

This Week

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXIV, No. 10

February 27, 1940

Gropper's Cartoon 4
The Young People of the Soviet Union *by the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson* 5
Flies in the Imperialist Ointment *An Editorial Article* . 7
When We Fought the Soviet Union *by James Morison* . 8
The Pelley-Dies Axis *by Adam Lapin* 11
In Darkest India *by Gerald Griffin, Jr.* 12
The State of the Nation 15
I Am a Rapid Stenographer *by Irene Jeffri* 16
The AMA Keeps the Doctor Away *by Edward Sims* . . 17
You Should Know Their Names *by Alvah Bessie* . . . 19
Editorial Comment 20
Readers' Forum 22

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Savage Symphony in France *by Samuel Sillen* 25
Your Health, America! *by Cora MacAlbert* 26
Secessia *by Herbert Aptheker* 26
Up-to-the-Minute Maps *by J. S.* 27
What Causes Wars? *by S. M.* 27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Newsreel Is Worth a Million Lies *by James Dugan* . 28
One for the Ashcan *by Alvah Bessie* 28
TAC Negro Show *by Ralph Ellison* 29
Opera for Whom? *by Franklin Newman* 30

Art work by Gardner Rea, Art Young, McGill, Soriano, Mischa Richter, A. Redfield, Lucius.

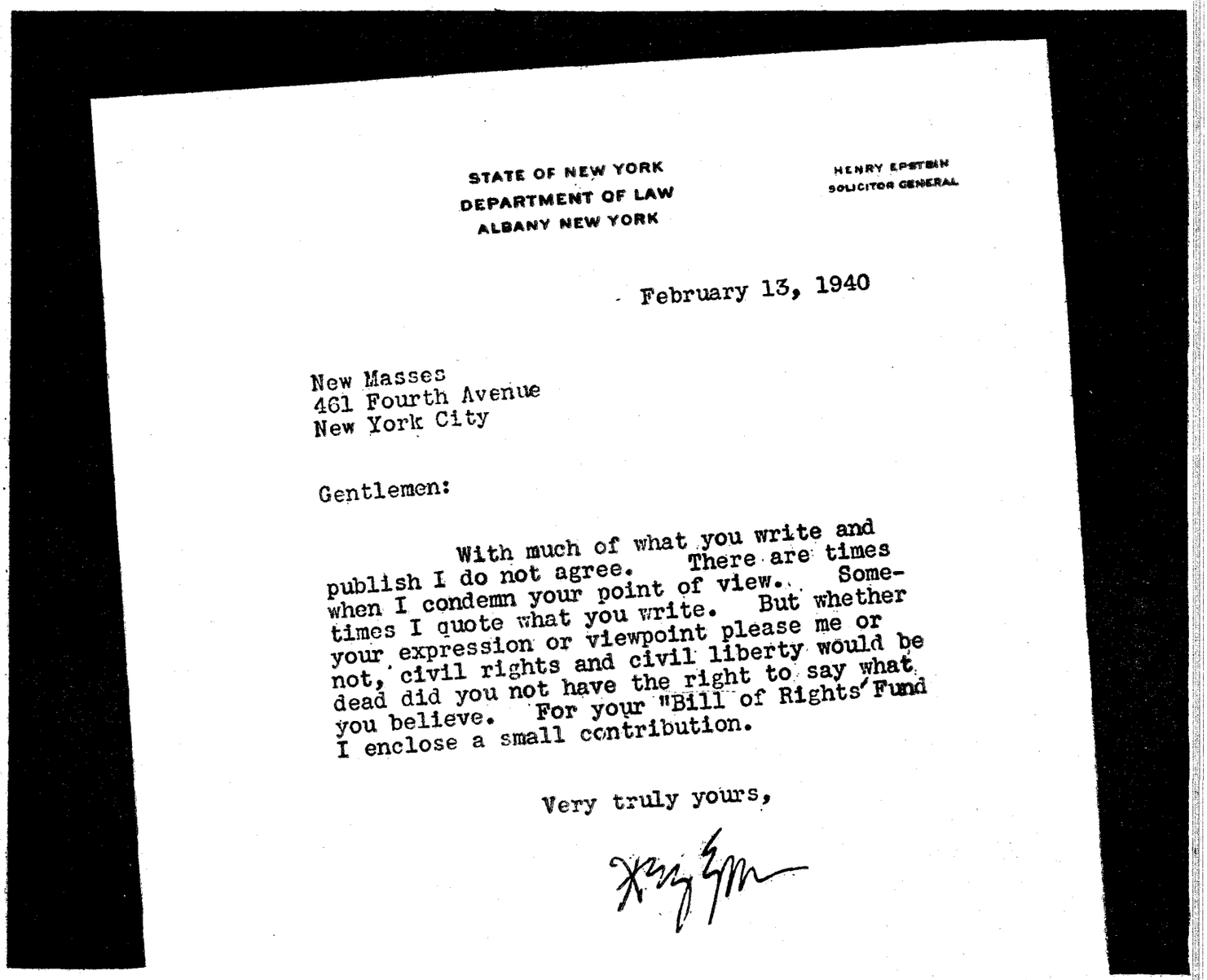
Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 461 Fourth Ave., New York City. (West Coast Bureau, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Room 287, Hollywood, Calif.) Copyright, 1940, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIV FEBRUARY 27, 1940 NUMBER 10



STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF LAW
ALBANY NEW YORK

HENRY EPSTEIN
SOLICITOR GENERAL

February 13, 1940

New Masses
461 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Gentlemen:

With much of what you write and publish I do not agree. There are times when I condemn your point of view. Sometimes I quote what you write. But whether your expression or viewpoint please me or not, civil rights and civil liberty would be dead did you not have the right to say what you believe. For your "Bill of Rights" Fund I enclose a small contribution.

Very truly yours,

Henry Epstein

A Note from New York's Solicitor General

WHEN the solicitor general of New York State, Henry Epstein, wrote us the above note we felt that all our readers, all Americans, all believers in the Bill of Rights should read it. We therefore published the photostat of a declaration which we believe represents the American spirit. It is the spirit of all honest men the world over from Voltaire on.

The Department of Justice, by the grand jury investigation of NEW MASSES which it has started, is threatening one of the most sacred rights of the people—freedom of press.

NEW MASSES is carrying on a campaign for a Bill of Rights fund, so that it can continue to say what no other weekly in America dare print. So far only $1,630 has been received in the four weeks since we started the drive.

If you believe we have the right to our say, if you want to continue hearing what that say is, then we urge you to waste no time and spare no cash in sending us funds. On the back cover we describe the magazine's critical financial needs. We hope we need not go into detail on that any more.

You know the facts. You know the drive against us.

Do you want us to have our say?

We await your answer.

THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Young People of the Soviet Union

The Dean of Canterbury tells how the USSR has solved its children's vocations. A chapter from his book "The Socialist Sixth of the World."

THE Soviet Union is a young country. Youth controls factories, workshops, and scientific institutes. The managers of the Moscow Dynamo works are under thirty years of age. The majority of those participating in the Arctic exploration expeditions were under twenty-five years. The percentage of the population under twenty-nine years—that is, of those who either were born under the Soviet regime or retained but blurred recollections of czarist days—is 63. A similar percentage in Britain is 50.

What has the Soviet Union done for its youth and what is it doing?

At fifteen years of age—that is, at the end of the seven-year school age, which extends from eight to fifteen years—two alternatives present themselves: the child may enter the ten-year school and proceed to the university or technical college, and an extremely large percentage do so; or he may start at once to learn the profession of his choice.

Should he choose to become a technician—an engineer, say, or an aviation mechanic—he enters a machine-constructing technical college, where he studies the elements of mechanics. The course lasts for two years and is free. On his seventeenth birthday, and not before, he can enter industry. As a juvenile he works for not more than five or six hours a day, receiving an appropriate wage.

At the end of his eighteenth year he leaves the works, and after an examination enters a higher technical college. For the next five years he undergoes an extensive course of theoretical and practical service. On his twenty-fourth birthday he emerges as a qualified engineer.

During all this time he has received, in addition to his meals, instruments, and textbooks, a monthly allowance which makes him independent of outside financial aid.

At college he meets students from every country in the Union. He comes into closer touch with the outside world than in his schooldays. He may become one of the five million members of the Communist League of Youth. He comes of age politically. He comes politically aware, which is altogether possible if politics is "the art of living with one's fellows." At the age of eighteen he or she obtains the right to vote and is eligible for election. Of the 1,143 deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, 284 are between the ages of eighteen and thirty.

In the earlier days of the revolution this external activity was much overdone, though necessity demanded it. The best young members of the Communist Party built entire works during the First Five-Year Plan and educated large numbers of the backward peasantry.

Today, happily, none of that work, or overwork, is needed, and there is a happier blend of study with external work, such as tree-planting or harvesting in holiday times.

But politics and work do not absorb his whole time. Soviet youths are as keen sportsmen as British youths, and Soviet teams can hold their own with any teams they meet. Soviet youth swims—perfecting new strokes—skates and climbs. In parachuting he—and she—have led the world. I have watched children of ten receive their first lesson in air-mindedness: as when a small girl eagerly offered herself to be tied to a fixed chair at the end of a long beam, to be swung through the air at the height of a two-storied house, landing head downwards at the far end, and then swinging back again. The next stage is the leap, attached to an open parachute, from the parachute tower. After that the real thing: 500,000 Soviet men and maidens indulge in parachuting.

IN AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY

Mr. Maurice Hindus, writing in *Asia* of March 1938, assures us that communistic organization of industry in general, and agriculture in particular, has definitely succeeded. As proof of this he selects the following dramatic instance. In the city of Kiev, in April 1937, 1,112 girls left school at the age of eighteen. Of these not more than 10 percent considered their education complete and went to work. The remaining 90 percent passed on to some form or other of higher education. I suppose that in England the percentage would be nearer 5 or 6.

This wholesale desire for higher education seems to be incredible, and the ability to gratify the desire more incredible still. Three considerations may help to account for it:

First, there is no financial difficulty to hinder a clever or keen student from entering the university or institute for higher education. Students receive a wage according to the standard reached in their work, but in any event adequate for maintenance. An examination must be passed, but it is not competitive, as here, where a certain limited number of places and certain limited financial resources alone are available. The examination merely tests fitness to profit by the course of advanced study.

Second, the parents have no need of the early wages of their children to eke out the family income or provide maintenance in their own old age. Their own earning power, the absence of unemployment, and the certainty of a pension on retirement, or maintenance if sick, cause them to encourage rather than hinder their child's desire for a university education of the highest order obtainable.

Third, and not of least importance, is youth's own eagerness for the highest possible forms of mental equipment. There is a zest for learning; especially, but by no means exclusively, in the several fields of science.

The number of students in universities and technical colleges is to reach 650,000 during the Third Five-Year Plan. Secondary education is to grow still more rapidly, and the number of those with a completed higher education will increase from 650,000 to 1,290,000. And that is but the beginning, not the end. For the fundamental aim in the matter of education is to raise the whole cultural and technical level of the working class to that of engineers and technical workers and to remove forever the distinction between the man who works with his brain and the man who works with his hand.

Stalin expressed the intention with his usual simplicity in words spoken at a recent conference of Stakhanovites:

The elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor can be achieved only by raising the cultural and technical level of the working class to the level of engineers and technical workers. It would be absurd to think that this is unreasonable. It is entirely reasonable under the Soviet system, where the productive forces of the country are freed from the fetters of capitalism, where labor is freed from the yoke of exploitation, where the working class is in power, and where the younger generation of the working class has every opportunity of obtaining an adequate technical education. There is no reason to doubt that only such a rise in the cultural and technical level of the working class can undermine the basis of the distinction between mental and manual labor, that it alone can ensure that higher level of productivity of labor and that abundance of articles of consumption which are necessary in order to begin the transition from Socialism to Communism.

The goal is that of a wholly educated nation.

We have traced the course of Soviet youth from infancy throughout childhood to the higher ranges of education in university or technical institute; we now reach the point where he is ready to launch boldly forth into the world of affairs with which throughout his whole career he has been acquainted, and the principles of whose industries he has been encouraged to understand.

What awaits him now?

It is at this moment, I venture to think, that the profound difference between planned production for community consumption and production which is either unplanned or planned only for the safeguarding of profits and in the interests of the profit-making class, shines out most clearly, and altogether to the advantage of the former.

For the Plan gives to Soviet youth a creative purpose and a hundred opportunities to work it out. The Plan seeks his help. Unlimited possibilities open up before him in the spheres of science, economics, general culture, and politics. For Soviet youth the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nightmare of unemployment is forever gone. His future is full of hope. There is a niche for each and a call for each. There is for each a promise of security, banishing devitalizing fear; and an honored place in a cause which gives, or can give, zest and nobility to life.

Vivid indeed is the contrast between the outlook on life of the average Soviet youth, from the outlook of the average British youth. No one in close touch with British youth, or with their parents too, can fail to know the fears, anxieties, and strain with which they face the future, whether in times of slump through which we are passing, or in times of boom into which we may shortly come, only with the knowledge that another slump lies inevitably ahead.

More than most, perhaps, am I placed in a position to know the inner side of this question as it affects the various types and classes of boys and girls of England; being at the moment chairman of governors of an elementary school, of two large secondary schools, and of a great Public School, the oldest in the English-speaking world: having also held similar posts in the great industrial centers of the north.

There is general and disturbing anxiety in the later school years as to whether a job can be secured which will provide a livelihood. The number of useful jobs is limited, the number of applicants immense. Competition is severe. Even the strain of obtaining a job through examination often leaves the winner exhausted when the job is secured and glad to leave forever the studies which secured it. Others, less fortunate, gain no job at all. Hundreds of thousands of boys and girls have been condemned to pass the post-school life without ever knowing the joy of work, lacking tools, room, skill, or resources to make their own employment. Life consists of hanging around street corners, with its morally degrading effects.

Youth—I am speaking now of vast numbers of youth in industrial centers—sees no way out. He lacks political knowledge. He cannot trace these things to their source. He feels that he is in the grip of fate. Luck rules. You are lucky if you have been born into the right circle. Lucky if you have brains. Lucky if you get a job. But, then, your luck may turn against you. All life is a gamble. Belief in a beneficent providence, or in purpose behind the order of things, departs.

How can good work be done against a background so black and so discouraging?

Or, when a youth is lucky and finds a job, how often can we call it a creative job? Innumerable young men and women, capable of achieving much and enriching the world with the things they could produce or the services they could render, eke out a miserable and precarious living as touts urging the purchase of commodities we neither need nor want. And how many more are tied down for life to routine tasks and dread the very inventions which may make even these tasks superfluous and cast the present workers on the scrapheap of unemployment?

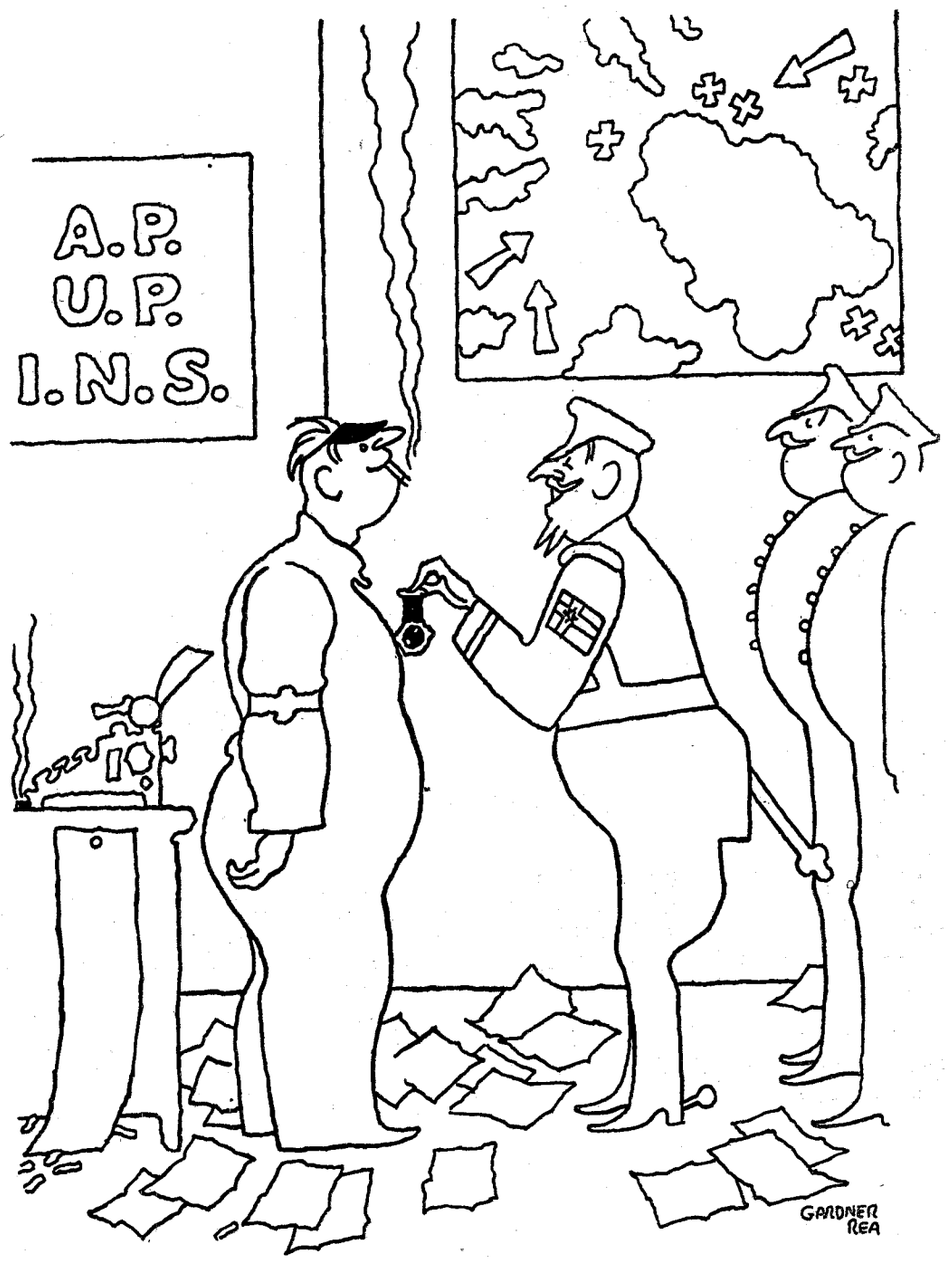
And, while many are unemployed, many more, and especially those in the more skilled type of employment, are seriously overworked. The end of the working day finds them too fatigued to take interest in the social and political order which so vitally affects their lives. The strain of keeping the skilled job they have secured is incessant. Age will quickly prove a handicap. In order to keep to the front there is danger of striving for showy or dramatic results. It is not easy to do solid work in the time allotted. Life shrinks to small horizons.

Some few, in the higher ranges of industrial or professional life, inherit, or gain by influence, or even win by open competition, in a struggle for which they have had all the advantages which wealth and leisure and every favorable circumstance can give, a sphere where life really has creative purpose, as in the case of many enterprising industrial concerns. I recall again my own experience. Such jobs are few and precious.

It is just these creative tasks that open up in the Soviet Union, not to a favored few, but to all. All have a share in the ownership of industry and productive processes. All have their appropriate niche, and it is the niche of their own choosing. There is no hunt for a job. The jobs do the hunting. And each job is part of a greater whole. Nothing is haphazard. In whatever job he chooses, a Soviet boy may know that he is building up a national concern. What he does creatively affects himself, his family, his city, his fatherland.

Soviet youth is assured of healthy, creative, and attractive work, his perplexity lies only in its choice. It is no mere humbug when you speak to a Soviet child about vocation: each can hear an inner call and heed it.

VERY REVEREND HEWLETT JOHNSON.



Gardner Rea

"For heroically slaying, single-handed, 100,000 of our Russian foe."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flies in the Imperialist Ointment

Anti-Soviet preparations and the Sumner Welles-Myron Taylor mission. Danger in the Middle East. An editorial article.

HOPE springs eternal in the imperialist breast. Reactionary pulses everywhere in the capitalist world quicken at the promise of an Allied campaign in the Middle East. Troop concentrations in Egypt, Syria, Iraq, and Iran leave little to the imagination. The arrival of 30,000 Anzacs in Suez, soldiers from Australia and New Zealand, is heralded as a great achievement of civilization. But an older generation will remember how the fathers of these boys from "down under" were sacrificed in the disastrous offensive at Gallipoli: the 1915 effort to outflank the Germans. Every item of evidence this week emphasizes a deeper purpose in the Allied concentration. Outflanking the Germans, yes—*but more significantly, it presages an attack upon the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.* Maps and charts are giving us graphic details of Soviet wealth in the Transcaucasus and the Transcaspian. Leslie Hore-Belisha calls for a "blow against Leningrad." Imperialist eyes moisten, mouths water at the prospect of a desperate grasp for socialist earth.

NOT SO EASY

Obstacles have developed on the Northern Front. Sweden is apparently unwilling to fight for Britain's well-known chestnuts in the Baltic; Norway is angered at British violations of her own neutrality. Separating fact from fiction, the Red Army has ploughed through the Mannerheim Line. Cocky, supercilious, hysterical only ten days ago, reactionaries everywhere are considerably sobered. Subdued but sullen, they scarcely conceal their remorse over "the turning of the Soviet worm." Perhaps now, the Turks, whom Mr. Chamberlain recently called "those noble peasants," will assume the responsibilities which the Swedes declined. Perhaps, the fiery Saracen will rekindle anti-Soviet passion in the arctic bosoms of the Scandinavian Nordics! The Turkish emirs are willing: M. Saracoglu, their minister at the Balkan conference, boasted that Turkey was really a belligerent whose soldiers are not yet fighting. The Turkish press unanimously developed blasts at the Soviet Union in the past few days. Desperately, the Allies seek to extend the theater of war: one motive resolves their doubts, one hope sets each tory heart a-flutter: the prospect of settling scores with Soviet Russia.

But there are flies in the imperialist ointment. The pope's reply to President Roosevelt, on January 19, provides the clue to every dilemma. Speaking of "peace," the pontiff regretfully admitted "there are slight probabilities of immediate success as long as the present relationship of opposing forces remains essentially unchanged." Aye, there's the rub! The relationship of opposing forces! Cardinals in the Vatican, the best minds of England, nervous knights in Paris, solicitous souls in Washington: they're all still biting their fingernails because Germany moved out of their control. They cannot forget, or ever forgive, the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact! How to change the relationship of opposing forces: that's the essence of their diplomatic problem.

One way to regain control over Germany demands the economic blockade, the alignment of neutrals in the Lowlands, Scandinavia, the Balkans. That's been the Allied game. Buying off the Turks was a phase of the same strategy. Steep bidding in the closed poker with Mussolini: a detail of the same design. But if Germany cannot so readily be encircled, more desperate measures are in order. After the Red Army march into Poland and the pacts with the Baltic states eliminated doubts about the integrity of Soviet-German relations, the Allies turned their direct fire upon the USSR. But since the Soviets are not so easily frightened, the Allies could not of themselves hope to achieve their aim. Some force of dimensions equal to the USSR was needed: here's where Franklin D. Roosevelt takes the bow. Without assurances from Washington, the Finnish ministers could not have undertaken their suicidal course. The Scandinavian counts could not have been impelled toward intervention; the Allies could not have hoped to extend the war around Germany's flank by poking the Soviet Union in the ribs.

The strange alliance between Hoover and Roosevelt, the smug satisfaction with which the American press welcomed the President's unprecedented salvo against the USSR, gives the merest superficial proof that the rulers of American life recognize how Mr. Roosevelt *best understands,* and *most energetically defends,* their long-range interests. On this ground alone, he is their most reliable candidate for November. His foreign policy has already found reflex in his domestic program; bit by bit they overcome their residual distrust of that Man in the White House. Americans who fail to understand what is happening under their very eyes at home, will simply be led by the nose abroad.

Only against this background can the Sumner Welles-Myron Taylor mission be understood. It takes no sophistication to realize that Mr. Welles is not traveling to Europe simply for information. Mr. Roosevelt has all the information he needs. Ambassador Kennedy's been home for weeks; Ambassador Bullitt just returned by Clipper: he's had all Europe at his fingertips. Nor is it true that Roosevelt and Welles are seeking peace. On the contrary, the American capitalist class desires as much of the war as will assure it a profitable flow of trade with all comers. It wants peace only as may be necessary to prevent the advance of socialism in Central Europe. Disregarding at this time the value of the Welles mission for the Democratic Convention in July, these are the two *central aspects* of the administration's strategy: (1) to investigate how Germany might be regained for "Western civilization"; and, (2) to make certain that whatever happens will accrue to the advantage of American capital, will improve and fortify the imperialist position of the United States.

AT WHAT PRICE?

The anti-Soviet aspect of the Welles-Taylor mission coincides with the general strategy of the Allied powers. Its significance is heightened by the far-reaching preparations in the Middle East. The second (and related) aspect of this mission does not necessarily please the Allies as much as the first. For it is not yet clear what the Americans will insist upon for their troubles, how sharply Mr. Welles will play his opening hand. Perhaps the Americans will ask too high a price, too much of the dollar imperialism for the complete comfort of imperialism expressed in pounds and francs. Mr. Hull has spoken of continuing conversations with neutral countries "relating to a sound international economic system." That sounds like a bid for American trade at the expense of both Germany and the Allies. It sounds like a bid for American leadership of a neutral bloc, not altogether a happy prospect for the British and French.

Sumner Welles is a notorious fifth-columnist; Mr. Taylor a shrewd and powerful steel magnate. Their mission's been compared to the trip of Colonel House. The analogy is alarming, for three months after he left American shores, Colonel House noted in his diary for May 30, 1915: "I have come to the conclusion that war with Germany is inevitable." But the analogy has its limitations. Mr. Welles does not have the task of influencing the President at all. Mr. Roosevelt understands fully the meaning and logic of his course. His latest move is part of a gigantic and dangerous intervention in the destinies of Europe. Its immediate outcome can only be the preeminence of American imperialism in Europe: a preeminence which the people of this country will be called upon to maintain with their blood. Its logical consummation, its most criminal aspect, runs directly toward American support, and participation in a war against the Soviet Republics. What can the American people hope to gain from that? What progressive American can fail to speak up while there's time?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When We Fought the Soviet Union

From Major General Graves' "America's Siberian Adventure" and little known State Department documents, James Morison uncovers Wall Street's first war on the USSR.

WHENEVER something really important happens over there, you can be sure that Major Gen. William S. Graves will have a decided opinion about it. When the Soviet Union and Germany signed their non-aggression pact in September, he spoke out bravely and convincingly. "It is in line with the permanent peace policy of the Soviet Union"—he said to you then—"which is against aggression wherever aggression rears its head; and which is for collective security, or failing that, non-aggression pacts with any states which agree to meet these simple terms."

Since September 19, when General Graves made that statement in NEW MASSES, the world has moved—and the Soviet Union has moved with it. Pacts with the Baltic states were suggested by the USSR and agreed to by Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia. The Ukrainians and Byelo Russians of former eastern Poland were restored to their proper ethnic groupings under the guidance of the Soviets and the Red Army.

The Finnish White Guards resisted the Soviet Union's peace policy, so clearly stated by General Graves four months ago. They mobilized their army, evacuated the civilian population of their cities, and with the aid of loans from France and secret military assistance from Great Britain's tory government, prepared for war. Followed the setting up of a People's Government, protected by the Red Army—a rebirth of that democratic people's republic which General Mannerheim, assisted by Swedish and German reactionaries and Russian White Guards, had crushed twenty years before.

"THE PRESENT IS FULL OF DANGER"

It seems only natural to visit Shrewsbury, N. J., when something happens, to hear what this tall, white-haired, dignified old soldier has to say about the latest world events. What does he think about the Finnish war? You don't have to ask him. He fairly bursts with opinions about the moral issues involved. He says, however: "I don't want to get into a controversy at this time." But as he continues to talk, the question of moral issues fades before memories of that other Finnish war of twenty-one years ago, and the Siberian intervention. Why is it moral, he seems to be asking, to send money and supplies from America to Finland, when it was unneutral to aid Ethiopia, China, Spain, or Czechoslovakia? Indirectly the general finds an answer. There was that other conspiracy of twenty years ago, and he has already spoken on that issue, revealing the background of the war against the will of the Russian people, disguised as a war against Bolshevism.

That strikes at the heart of the question, so far as General Graves is concerned. He was the commander of the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia, sent there in August 1918, to do various things—such as keeping the Trans-Siberian railroad line open; protecting military stores; helping the escaped Czechoslovakian soldiers return around the world to the Western Front; aiding in the formation of a new Eastern Front against Germany, etc., etc. As commander of seven thousand-odd Americans, the general discovered that if he obeyed orders—which were, not to interfere in the internal affairs of the Russian people—he wouldn't be able to join in the conspiracy of Great Britain, France, the U. S. State Department, Japan, and sundry other powers to intervene in Russia, to defeat the will of the Russian people; to overthrow the Soviets, restore capitalism, even czarism.

IN SIBERIA. *Major Gen. William S. Graves, USA, retired, former commander of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, at his desk in Vladivostok during the intervention of 1918-20.*

General Graves' hesitancy about entering into a controversy today is chiefly due to his age. He is seventy-five and recently was ill for the first time in his life. The general spent two weeks in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington undergoing a physical checkup, and was warned by his physicians not to live too strenuously. But he frankly says that he is eager to play some role in the struggle to bring the truth to the American people. "If I were younger, I'd be in the battle today," he says. "The present is full of danger. I am too old to go into politics, but, oh, I see it even here." To General Graves the efforts of politicians, business interests, and certain international groups led chiefly by the British tories, in world affairs, are linked up with the petty graft, the oppression, and the attacks on civil liberties in the United States.

A JEFFERSONIAN

He poses the question: "I wonder if I would feel—and think—this way if I had never gone to Siberia?"

You are inclined to point out that the general must have had the stuff in him; and as you hear this former Texan reminisce about his fight to win equal promotion rights for Negroes in the First World War, as you learn other tidbits about his activities in Siberia and afterwards, you are sure he always had the good old American Jeffersonian spirit.

It happens that the proof of the anti-Soviet conspiracy dating from 1917 may be found in General Graves' own book, *America's Siberian Adventure,* written in 1931 as a reply to his critics. For, from 1920, when the Siberian expeditionary force was withdrawn, until 1931, General Graves was accused of Bolshevism; he was "investigated" by the Department of Justice; the men of his command were also accused of having taken sides against the White Guards, Kolchak, the British, the Japanese, and the U. S. State Department.

"My book is out of print," says the general; "you are free to republish extracts from it." It is possible to prove by this book that: (1) Admiral Kolchak, in 1919 the titular head of the counter-revolutionary White Guards, was recognized by the United States as the superior officer of Mannerheim, then as now head of the Finnish White Guards; (2) Great Britain actively supported the Whites and openly avowed her intention of overthrowing the Bolshevist rule; (3) the people of Siberia were 99 percent against the Whites; (4) the U. S. State Department played an important role in this counter-revolutionary campaign, then as now; (5) American funds were used, not for the relief of civilians, but for military aid. Much more is proved in this book: the brutal quality of White Guard military action against civilians as well as their soldier enemies; the object of the counter-revolutionary war—to regain control of the USSR's natural resources for international finance, and to retake power for the discredited, defeated, hated czarists.

Well, this is all very interesting . . . but how is it possible to tell much about hap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enings in 1940, from experiences in Siberia in 1918-20? The general says:

Geography doesn't change White Guard actions or policies. In my observation Kolchak, Semeonov, Denikin, Ivanov-Rimov, and company differed only in degree.

On the shelves of his little "office" the general has five volumes of the State Department's published files, containing diplomatic cables and other documents which clearly show these connections. These documents reveal that the policies, and even some of the leading personalities now active in Great Britain, the United States, and White Guard Finland, are the same as those of the 1918-20 anti-Soviet crusade.

The republication of extracts from *America's Siberian Adventure* and from the State Department Foreign Policy files thus becomes of great importance. The latter show that Mannerheim in 1940 is no different from Mannerheim in 1919. They reveal the concealed political purpose of the wide attack on the Soviet Union in 1940, through parallel statements and actions in 1919. The extracts even make clear how and why stories of Red atrocities, Red military defeats, and the distortion of Soviet policies have a major objective, in 1940 as in 1919. For, as General Graves today puts it, "Propaganda stories were used then to make it appear that Kolchak was defeating the Bolsheviks." *America's Siberian Adventure* tells how General Graves exposed these propaganda lies in 1919. The State Department files confirm the secret political reasons.

THE SITUATION TODAY

What does General Graves think of the Finnish military situation today? "Finland has the worst climate in Europe," he says. "The terrain is virtually impossible for military operations in winter. There is snow, frigid cold, lakes, fortified points on isthmuses and in forests. Furthermore, no army can advance except from a well established base. The Red Army moved into territory without roads or railways and it has been necessary for it to build communication lines before it can advance again. That it will do so I have no doubt."

General Graves is eager for more and more Americans to read *America's Siberian Adventure*. He never thought, when he wrote the book nine years ago, that it would live on into the future of 1940. He was writing history then. The war was at that time thirteen years in the past. "It's too late now," he says regretfully, when you suggest that it could be brought up to date. But it is not too late, he agrees, to republish it in brief, with annotations which indicate its significance in the light of new events.

These extracts, with General Graves' permission, we herewith begin to republish in NEW MASSES. Only eighteen hundred copies of *America's Siberian Adventure* have been sold since the book appeared. It is not a popular book with those who cannot stand the cold rays of its truthful statements and conclusions. But this truth has never been controverted. Wilson's secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, approved its publication and wrote a preface. Former Chief of Staff Peyton C. March, in his autobiography, highly praised General Graves, characterizing his former military aide as a loyal, devoted, capable and highly intelligent officer.

NEW MASSES is proud to be able to widen the circulation of the general's book. "I'd like everyone to read it," the old soldier says. His reason? Well, he has the exact casualty figures for America's Russian adventures, in Siberia and in Archangel. More than four hundred American boys died there. Here is a military man who hates war and its consequences. He

Woodrow Wilson's Foreign Policy

Recognition and help to the government of Finland, representing a minority, with despotism and horrors unspeakable.

Art Young

Assault and attempt to kill the government of Russia, representing nine-tenths of the Russian people and the highest ideals of applied democracy.

OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, *in April 1919, Art Young drew a double-page cartoon for the "Liberator," lineal ancestor of "New Masses" in the field of progressive magazines. At that time the forces of General Mannerheim, aided by those of the Germans, had succeeded in crushing the Finnish People's Republic, slaughtering the working class of Finland and exiling its best leaders. At that time, the United States government was engaged in active aid to Mannerheim and his White Guards. But let Art Young speak for himself—the historical parallel between 1919 and 1940 is made graphically clear in this characteristic work of the great political artist.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't want to witness again the spectacle of American boys dying in order to defeat the will of a free Russian people.

Immediately after the Bolshevik Revolution of Nov. 7, 1917, the Allied governments, then at war with Germany and her allies, took steps to suppress the young socialist republic. The first attack was launched against the Finnish People's Republic, where Gen. Carl Gustav Emil Mannerheim, aided by Swedish and White Guard forces, began a drive from the northern part of Finland. Subsequently a large German army, headed by Count von Goltz, landed on the southern and southwestern shores of Finland and succeeded in overthrowing the workers' and peasants' state. Diplomatic and other reports show that Mannerheim's forces executed not less than twelve thousand workers. Over ten thousand more died in concentration camps, where approximately ninety thousand were confined for various periods up to many years.

In the meantime, an attempt was made to establish a Far Eastern front, not against the Germans but against the Bolsheviks. This plan was evolved in the spring of 1918 by the Allied governments. But it was not until the fall that Admiral Kolchak, former head of the czar's Black Sea Fleet, with the help of the British was established as dictator. General Graves, then in command of the 8th Division, at Camp Fremont, in Palo Alto, Calif., was called to Kansas City where he met Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. Baker handed him an *aide memoire* which instructed him to take an interventionary force to Siberia, with headquarters at Vladivostok.

These orders, as General Graves wrote, explicitly gave "the solemn assurance to the people of Russia, in the most public and solemn manner, that none of the governments uniting in action in either Siberia or northern Russia contemplates any interference of any kind with the political sovereignty of Russia, any interference in her internal affairs."

ACTIVE SUPPORT OF KOLCHAK

However, events in Siberia soon convinced General Graves that the policies of the Allied governments were in exact opposition to their announced purpose. He found that they actively supported Admiral Kolchak.

In the following extracts from Graves' book, Admiral Kolchak is described as an autocrat, foisted upon the Siberian people with the aid of the British, whose purpose was to bring about the return of czardom. He was in command of troops that committed the most frightful kind of atrocities. His rule was resented by all the people of Siberia except a handful of czarist officers and adventurers.

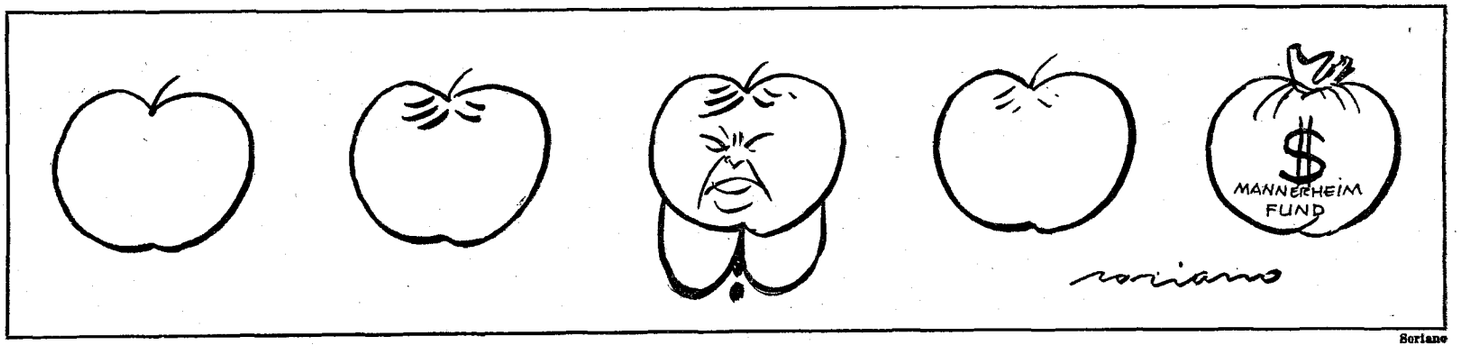
In *America's Siberian Adventure,* General Graves wrote:

> Admiral Kolchak surrounded himself with former czarist officials and because these peasants would not take up arms and offer their lives to put these people back in power, they were kicked, beaten with knouts, and murdered in cold blood by the thousands, and then the world called them "Bolsheviks." In Siberia, the word Bolshevik meant a human being who did not, by act and word, give encouragement to the restoration to power of representatives of autocracy in Russia. [page 99]
>
> I doubt if history will show any country in the world during the last fifty years where murder could be committed so safely, and with less danger of punishment, than in Siberia during the regime of Admiral Kolchak. As an example of the atrocities and lawlessness in Siberia, there was a typical case in Omsk, Kolchak's Headquarters, on Dec. 22, 1918, just one month and four days after Kolchak assumed power as "Supreme Ruler." On this date, there was an uprising of workmen in Omsk against the Kolchak government. The revolutionaries were partly successful, opened the jail and permitted two hundred prisoners to escape.
>
> Among these, 134 were political prisoners, including several members of the Constituent Assembly. The day this occurred, the Kolchak military commander at Omsk issued an order calling upon all who had been released to return to jail, and stated that in case of failure to return within twenty-four hours, they would be shot on sight. All members of the Constituent Assembly and some other prominent political prisoners returned to confinement. During the night some Kolchak officers took the members of the Constituent Assembly from the jail, telling them they were taking them to a place of trial for their alleged offenses, and shot and killed all of them. Nothing was done to the officers for this brutal and illegal murder. As conditions were in Siberia, such atrocities could be easily concealed from the world.
>
> The foreign press was constantly being told that the Bolsheviks were the Russians who were committing these terrible excesses, and propaganda had been used to such an extent that no one ever believed that atrocities were being committed against the Bolsheviks.
>
> Colonel Morrow, in command of American troops in the Trans-Baikal sector, reported a most cruel, heartless, and almost unbelievable murder of an entire village by Semeonov. When his troops reached the village, the inhabitants apparently tried to escape by flight from their homes, but the Semeonov soldiers shot them down, men, women, and children, as if they were hunting rabbits, and left their bodies where they were killed. They shot, not one, but everyone in the village.
>
> Colonel Morrow induced a Japanese and a Frenchman to go with the American army officer to investigate this wholesale murder, and what I have just stated is substantially what was contained in a report signed by the American, the Frenchman, and the Japanese. In addition to the above stated executions these officers reported that they found the bodies of four or five men who had evidently been burned alive.
>
> Naturally, people wondered what could be the object of such terrible murders. The object is similar to the reason why men in charge of prison camps keep bloodhounds, and employ other means to terrorize prisoners, with a view to deterring them from trying to escape. In Siberia the people who were victimized were not prisoners, but the people responsible for the terrors were determined that all Russians should, at least, act as if they were wholeheartedly supporting Kolchak's cause. This treatment sometimes succeeds to the extent of temporarily preventing the real sentiment of the people from being known. This was the case in Siberia, and I am convinced that the American people know nothing of these terrible conditions. [page 245]

Facts about General Mannerheim's direct link to Admiral Kolchak have never been published. Extracts from the diplomatic files of the U. S. State Department revealing this link, and the combined interventionist plans of each, will be published in next week's issue of NEW MASSES. In addition, extracts from *America's Siberian Adventure* will be republished, proving that the British and American governments supported Kolchak in intervention, although they officially stated that they would not interfere in the internal affairs of the Russian people. Further details from the diplomatic files will also show how this Siberian policy was paralleled in Finland, and how General Mannerheim's forces in that country were similar in conduct and aims to those of Kolchak. Of special interest is General Graves' account of the activities of British and American diplomatic officials in aiding the White Guards, as reported in *America's Siberian Adventure.*

JAMES MORISON.

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Morison. The second will appear next week.



Soriano

Evolution of an Apple

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pelley-Dies Axis

The inside story of a great friendship that blossomed under the sun of anti-Semitism and un-American activity. The duping of Jerry Voorhis.

Washington.

THE affair between Martin Dies and William Dudley Pelley is one of the great amours of all time. The course of true love never runs smooth; there were the usual quarrels; but in the end the great passion conquered.

From the very beginning Pelley knew that he had found his soulmate. When the Dies committee got under way, *Liberation,* the Silver Shirt weekly, was ecstatic: Dies was the greatest of all Americans. The committee reciprocated in its own way. Pelley and his Silver Shirts were neither harassed nor investigated. Confidential letters and memoranda are hardly needed to prove how close Dies and Pelley were. The Nov. 23, 1939, issue of *Liberation* said in retrospect:

> As soon as Pelley learned that Dies had been voted his committee he—Pelley—wanted to know at once whether his Silver Shirts faced a repetition of the Dickstein crackdown of 1934. To ascertain this Pelley dispatched a trusted representative to interview Martin Dies. The messenger declared to Pelley that he interviewed Dies and that Dies had declared: "I am not interested in Pelley. On the whole I consider that he's done a good job," referring to the La Follette expose.

But jealousy soon reared its ugly head. The committee had gone too far as a sounding board for fascist propaganda. It had to trim its sails. Jerry Voorhis of California was added to the committee. Liberals hoped he would fight Dies from within. He had everything the job required except brains, courage, and an understanding of what it was all about. Certain tentative stabs at the extreme right were necessary if the committee was not to be completely discredited. Dies began to talk about investigating fascist organizations. Pelley jumped to the hasty conclusion that his hero had sold out to the Jews and the liberals.

The Silver Shirt chieftain was too quick to take offense. He did not realize that the committee's actions were dictated by tactical necessity. A note of bitterness and disillusionment crept into *Liberation.*

Pelley must take chief responsibility for permitting this tiff to continue as long as it did. The committee resisted temptation. It never betrayed the Silver Shirts—not even when one of Pelley's employees offered to tell all. David Mayne, Washington representative for Pelley, had fallen out with his chief. He decided to turn over all the information he had to the Dies committee. Eight or ten times Mayne went to the committee and offered it hundreds of documents concerning the activities of the Silver Shirts. They turned him down, wouldn't even look at his files.

Then the committee was threatened with danger. The bonds which linked Dies with Pelley and with the Christian Front were to be exposed at just the time that the committee's appropriation was before the House. Gardner Jackson, a prominent Washington liberal, had put a friend of his to work to see what could be dug up. That was Harold Weisberg, former La Follette committee employee. Weisberg found plenty of dirt—including Mayne, who was hard up for cash and sold his complete file. Late in November of last year, several members of the committee found out what was going on. In this crisis, Pelley and Dies were reunited. Even Pelley and Mayne became friends again.

On Dec. 7, 1939, the committee found that it needed Mayne. Rhea C. Whitley, former committee counsel and a G-man for ten years before that, asked Mayne in an urgent letter to get in touch with him at once. Three days later Mayne began to receive "expense money" from the committee. Jerry Voorhis told the House subsequently that Mayne had been commissioned by the committee to find Pelley—he did not reveal that he himself had paid Mayne in cash.

Mayne went to Asheville, N. C., the national headquarters of the Silver Shirts and probably the last place where Pelley, a fugitive from North Carolina authorities, might be found. Naturally, Mayne didn't find Pelley. But he came back prepared to give Jackson and Weisberg the works. On Dec. 22, 1939, shortly after his return, Mayne got in touch with Weisberg and offered to sell him several letters proving that Dies and Pelley had a working agreement. Weisberg bought twelve letters in all at this time—and an affidavit attesting that the letters were genuine. He gave the letters to Representative Hook of Michigan who put four of them into the *Congressional Record* of January 22 together with considerable other material linking Dies with both Pelley and the Christian Front. Very shortly afterwards, Mayne turned up at an executive session of the Dies committee and pronounced the letters forgeries.

Perhaps they were. Weisberg and Jackson consider it likely that two or three of the four were forgeries, but not all. The remaining letters and the voluminous Mayne files they turned over to the Department of Justice for investigation. In any event, the Dies committee had found a smear with which to discredit its opponents. It also found valuable headline material in the presence of several congressmen at a dinner at Jackson's house where the Pelley letters were discussed. The great mass of authentic material linking Dies and various fascist groups was obscured.

The committee's triumph did not last long. There was something definitely fishy about the whole business. Mayne had received money from the Dies committee. He had conferred several times with Whitley. At the Rules Committee hearing on expunging Hook's statement from the *Record,* Mayne said that he had called up a member of the committee and tipped him off an hour before Hook put his material in the *Record* that the Pelley letters were forged. Reputable newspapermen say that they were informed, off the record, by members of the committee that the anonymous committee member was J. Parnell Thomas—Feeney. Mayne also said at the same hearing that he had told Whitley there was a plot brewing against the committee—and denied only that he had given the committee counsel all the details. The suspicion began to grow that the forging of the letters was actually a frameup, and it was voiced publicly by Representatives Hook and Marcantonio as well as in the New York *Sun* which has long had an inside track with the committee.

Suddenly Pelley came out of hiding. The committee needed help. Somebody had to bolster its case. For months the committee had allegedly been hunting for him. But this was something different. Pelley showed real devotion. For the sake of the committee he exposed himself to the North Carolina authorities who were after him in connection with fraudulent stock sales a few years ago. After only a moment's glance at the Mayne documents, he affirmed unhesitatingly that his signature had been forged.

LOVERS' REUNION

Then came the happy ending—the passionate reunion. For three days Pelley appeared as a witness before the Dies committee. He castigated himself for having misunderstood Martin Dies. Pelley insisted that he shared the patriotic philosophy of Martin Dies. He offered to disband his organization if the Dies committee would carry on.

Everybody was happy—everybody except Jerry Voorhis, who had played an important role in the whole affair. He had been the chairman of the subcommittee which was supposed to find Pelley, and didn't. He had paid Mayne for his services in the darkest of secrecy. Those who know Voorhis well feel that he was duped. They attribute his performance to chronic ineptitude and cowardice.

Be that as it may, the internal torments of Jerry Voorhis are a small matter compared to the transports of triumphant love. Pelley may face a tussle with North Carolina officials, but at least he knows that Martin Dies is back in Washington, bursting with pent-up headlines, new plots and sensations. Nor will he be disappointed to learn that the only blast Dies has ever delivered against employers has been directed at the movie producers of Hollywood, many of whom are Jews and have long been a favorite target of the Silver Shirts.

ADAM LAPIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Darkest India

What is happening behind the British screen of secrecy in India. The powderkeg of the British empire. The role of Sir Stafford Cripps.

London.

For five weeks now, after two and a half months of nearly continuous front page news, London newspapers have carried hardly a line on India's struggle for freedom. Even the sensitive watchdog of the empire, the London *Times,* has been silent. Despite this uncanny calm, events which will fill chapter after chapter when the working class finally writes the history of the Second Imperialist War are being prepared down under the Himalayas. The final showdown in the struggle of 350,000,000 people to be free may even have begun by the time this appears. The battle will be fought around the issues of the war and of land for poverty-stricken millions. The objective is: winning the right to call a Constituent Assembly to establish an independent, democratic Indian government.

Mass resistance to British war measures will be India's weapon under the leadership of the All-India National Congress, spokesman of India's hopes for freedom—twice as large as all other political parties put together. The "civil disobedience" campaign, equivalent to a political general strike, will surpass in intensity even Gandhi's 1930 and 1932 campaigns. Setting Moslem against Hindu by the splitting tactics which have worked all too well in the past will be the counterstroke of the British Paramount Power. The drama will be played against a background that is extraordinarily complicated to the American familiar with neither India itself nor expert imperial British doubledealing.

THE RICHEST COLONY

British imperialism must hold on to India because India is by far the richest colonial prize in the world. And India must struggle to be free because her very value to England is the root of her woe, which results from exploitation so fiendish and poverty so miserable they defy description.

The modern British conquest of India dates back to 1757. Since then India's economic importance to London's "City" has steadily increased. Today, as nearly as can be determined, London holds a billion pounds sterling of Indian public loans, including debts incurred by the British master in extending his Indian conquests. Half a billion more are invested in Indian industry—textiles, steel mills, railways, public utilities, factories of one sort or another.

These capital investments yield nearly a hundred million pounds a year. India is important, too, as a market for British goods and a source of raw materials drained from her territory, processed in England or elsewhere, and often sold back to her at a stiff markup. British financiers also find employment for their sons in India, for almost all the better jobs in the Indian Civil Service are reserved for Englishmen. This enormous drain spells suffering beyond comparison for the Indian worker and peasant. They are also bled by native capitalists and landlords, who have learned from the British everything they did not already know about exploitation. In the native states fantastic taxes are levied at the whim of a prince who spends a substantial portion of the income on himself. Factory wages range from 6 cents a day for children in tobacco plants to 25 cents for skilled adult male miners. Laws limiting hours of work are honored almost exclusively in the breach. The average income of all Indians—including the fantastically wealthy rulers of the native states in which live one-quarter of the Indian people—is $12 a year. About three-quarters of the peasant's gross income—$50 a year—disappears in taxes, rent, and interest on debts with which he can never catch up. The peasant's holding, on an average, is a little more than one acre.

Social services simply do not exist. Education is only slightly better—not more than 8 percent of all Indians can read or write. Disease and starvation are so widespread that the Indian who passes his twenty-fifth birthday is lucky. The British *raj* (rule) has made things worse than before for the Indian people. India had proud and efficient handicraft industries once—old-fashioned but at least providing a living for millions of people since then forced into agricultural labor on the already overcrowded land. The handicrafts were smashed to make room for cheap British factory goods. India has been conquered many times in her millennia-old history. But the British conquerors were the first to touch the lives of the people. They were the first to neglect the Indian state's most important function in times past: the maintenance of the irrigation system which alone permits a high yield of wet farming crops like rice. Thus Indian agricultures as well as handicrafts have suffered. There is no real freedom of speech or press to protest these things. So India must wage class war and struggle to be free—to allow her people to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps.

The first demand for self-government, and that within the empire, was made in 1907 by the All-India National Congress. Formed in 1885 by an English official to open the Indian Civil Service for educated Indians, the Congress has since developed into a mass organization with five million dues-paying members. It has a progressive farm and labor program; *swaraj* (self-rule) for India is the way to accomplish this program. The Congress led the struggles after the First World War, during which England purchased Indian support by promising dominion status and a round table conference after the armistice. Though India in 1919 got only a few fake reforms (the Montagu-Chelmsford laws), progress had been made in arousing the Indian people. The struggle was marked by British ruling class brutality, of which the Amritsar massacre in April 1919 was outstanding. Four hundred were killed and nearly one thousand wounded when 1,650 bullets were poured into a peaceful crowd at the order of British military authorities.

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURES

The conflict abated for a while but in 1930 and 1932 Gandhi's "civil disobedience" campaign struck terror into the purses of English finance. As a result, the constitution of 1935 was passed by the Houses of Parliament. It set up provincial legislatures in the eleven provinces of British India, but that, too, means little: 270,000,000 people live in British India; only 30,000,000 vote; the others are eliminated by property qualifications (the Paramount Power gives the Indian no opportunity to acquire property) or of literacy (there are very few schools). Even so, in the only election held under the constitution the Congress secured two-thirds of the votes, elected clear majorities in eight provinces, and was the largest single party in a ninth. Only in the Punjab and Bengal did it fail to score more heavily.

The powers of the provincial ministries are severely limited under the constitution, particularly as regards economic and military matters. Any law which the governor (an Englishman, appointed) thinks will "interfere with the maintenance of law and order" can be vetoed beyond appeal. The constitution of 1935 provided also for a federal organization (even more undemocratic) to include both the native states and the British provinces. The native princes were granted representation far out of proportion to the population of their states (in virtually none of which is the slightest pretense of democracy made). Other select portions of the Anglophile upper crust were also reserved representation sufficient to keep the central assembly under the British thumb. On top of that each of the religious communities was to elect its own delegates—divide and rule by way of British check and double check. But the federation features of the constitution were so sickening that the Paramount Power was never able to force their acceptance. Now, what little of pseudo-democracy there was in the provincial setup has been swept away by an Emergency Powers Act rushed through the London Parliament in the first days of the war.

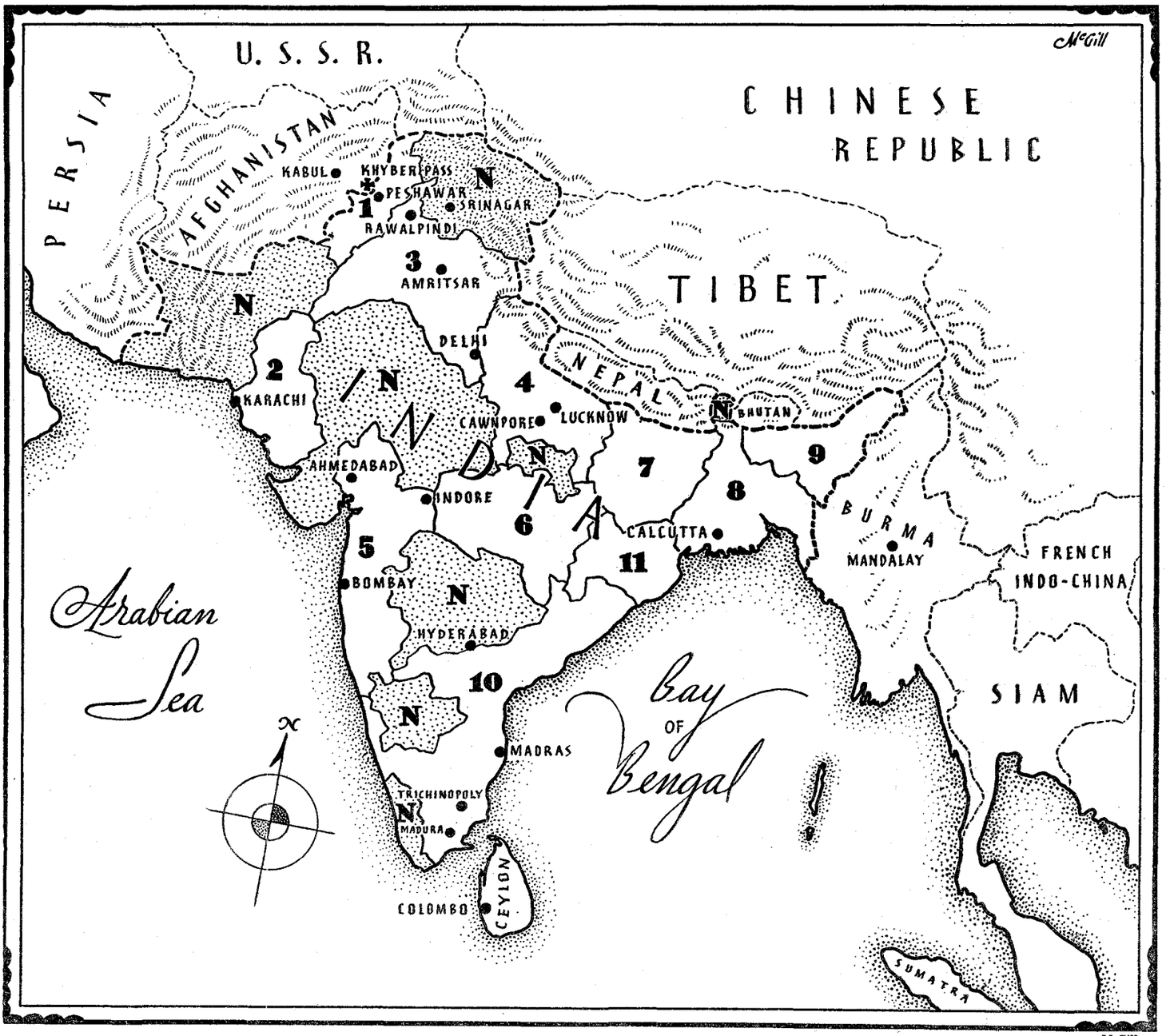
The anti-imperialist struggle is a fight to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

improve the people's living conditions—in other words, a class struggle. Winning freedom involves carrying through a democratic agrarian revolution at the same time. The Congress, in consequence, is closely connected with every important Indian mass movement. Trade union leaders (Indian trade unions as a major force date from the end of World War I) are prominent Congress leaders. So are the chiefs of the All-India Kisan Sabha (Peasant Unions). Communists (the party as such is illegal) are also among the leading congressmen. They work well with the Congress Socialist Party, which has grown out of the left wing of the Congress during the last few years. The Congress' genuinely progressive program, which features improvement of working conditions and wages, reduction of land rents and land taxes, and similar measures, reflects the party's broad basis of peasants and workers. At the same time there is a sprinkling of landlords and capitalists who exercise some influence on the Congress leadership. These "moderate" and rightwing elements are all for Indian independence with the maintenance of their own privileged economic position, and in past crises they have proved unreliable.

MOSLEMS AND HINDUS

Besides outright repression, the British *raj* has made enormous use of the ancient Roman practice of divide and rule. Nearly ninety million of India's inhabitants are Moslems, who constitute the largest minority. The Moslem and Hindu workers are used to scab on each other during strikes in the hope that the strike will end in a religious riot. Moslems are utilized by the British, working through the All-India Moslem League (whether the Moslems realize it or not), to oppose the Congress through fear of "Hindu domination." Clever instigation by the British, plus the fact that the Moslems, who entered into industrial activity later than the Hindus, are at an economic disadvantage, make the minority problem acute at the moment. It will take freedom, improvement of the economic situation, and democratic cooperation to solve the problem. Even now the splitting tactic is not altogether successful, for the Congress has a majority in the Northwest Frontier province, where Moslems constitute more than 90 percent of the population. The Moslem League's popular



THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS *live in Britain's richest colony. Native states (N) are ruled by potentates, fabulously wealthy, Monte Carlo birds, prizes for American heiresses. Burma is under a separate administration. Native governments have resigned in all other provinces, protesting British war aims: (1) Northwest Frontier; (2) Sind; (3) Punjab; (4) United Provinces; (5) Bombay; (6) Central Provinces; (7) Bihar; (8) Bengal; (9) Assam; (10) Madras; (11) Orissa.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support comes from Moslem landlords and capitalists; Moslem peasants, workers, and petty bourgeoisie by and large support the Congress.

From the day the war began, India has asked Britain to show that she is fighting for democracy by granting immediate freedom. This, of course, England refuses to do. Instead, the politicians of Whitehall, speaking through Lord Linlithgow, the viceroy, have resurrected the dodge of World War I but in less flowing form. They have promised another round table conference and "eventual" dominion status for India. But the Congress saw through the maneuver this time, and rejected the viceroy's statement as unsatisfactory. Gandhi, who is working with the Congress, said, "The Congress in asking for bread has got a stone." The Congress realizes Britain only intends to gain support from India by fair means or foul and to postpone the struggle to a time more convenient to her imperial self. But the Congress has denounced World War II, an imperialist venture, and pledged itself to resist the British war push.

MASS STRUGGLES

First step on the new path of struggle was the resignation of the eight Congress ministries in late October and early November; second, the reorganization of the cumbersome though democratic Congress organization. A three-man India-wide Emergency Committee has been set up with provincial, district, and village war committees under it. Mass meetings by the thousands have been held to spread the campaign for the Constituent Assembly, to explain the ministries' resignations and to organize resistance to the war. Two thousand such gatherings have been held in the United Provinces (population fifty million), for example, and eighty-four in Allahabad alone, the UP capital and strategic railway center.

A British offensive, which would be heralded by 100,000 or more arrests, was expected all the time these Indian preparations were under way, but the Paramount Power apparently had other plans. It seems to want the Congress to take the initiative. Circumstances will force the Nationalist Party to do this despite the hesitation of centrist and right-wing elements in its top layer. At the same time that Lord Linlithgow made his specious after-the-war-is-over pledge he attempted to set up a consultative body, which he said would be the first step toward All-India Federation. But to the distaste of federation under the 1935 constitution was added the distaste of helping imperialist Britain at war, so the scheme fell through. Linlithgow would have appointed the council of course, and everyone, including splinter groups which exist chiefly in the viceroy's imagination, would be well represented—that is, all but the Congress, which would actually have fewer seats than it was entitled to. The British hoped this dodge would win over "moderate" elements and split the Congress. The London *Times'* Delhi correspondent was able to find a new minority nearly every day for British finance to weep over. One morning it was Mr. Jinnah and his Moslems; another it was Dr. Ambedkar and his Independent Labor Party, almost strictly a local Bombay organization which is not allowed by Dr. Ambedkar to have anything to do with the Congress, largely for personal reasons. A third time it was the Sikhs, the bearded giants whom everyone in the Far East knows as British policemen. Solve the communal problem first, then we will give you maybe perhaps a bit of freedom, the British say. They never mention who the creator of the communal problem is.

Whitehall also had a plan for publishing government war aims which, it was hoped, would win Indian support and split the right-wing elements from the Congress by satisfying them with a formal pledge of something vague to come at the usual indefinite date after the war. The plan was dropped when Whitehall realized it would not work; that India deeply resents having been dragged into the war without any vote or other expression of Indian sentiment.

There is talk here of an even dirtier Downing Street scheme. Sir Stafford Cripps, MP, who has hitherto been respected as a left Laborite, expelled from the Labor Party about a year ago for urging the formation of a people's front, is now in India, ostensibly to learn the situation at first hand. A story is going the rounds to the effect that Cripps has actually flown to India at the request of the Chamberlain government in an effort to get Congress leader Jawaharlal Nehru and Rajendra Prasad, Congress president, to call off the struggle until after the war. The story may not be true. Certainly it is true that Cripps is the only man in England with sufficient stature to even try such a mission. None of the official Labor gang could make a ripple. Curiously enough, the day after Cripps left London the *Times* denied in unusually strong terms that he went on any sort of government mission. And Cripps' associates in publishing the *Tribune,* an independent Labor weekly, have suddenly shifted from support to bitter attack of the Soviet Union in its relations with Finland.

Sir Samuel Hoare—the same Samuel of the Hoare-Laval doubledeal proposal about Ethiopia and now lord privy seal—promised that force would be used whenever it was considered necessary. "The king-emperor's government," he said in a House of Commons debate, "must be carried on, and it will be carried on with efficiency, strength, and justice." He emphasized the "strength."

The Indian Communist Party is working closely with the Congress, but independently as well. In Bombay on October 7, it rallied its forces for freedom in a one-day political strike of ninety thousand textile and other industrial workers. January 26, Indian Independence Day, saw similar demonstrations everywhere.

Britain is worried about the American people's attitude to the coming showdown in India. Her maestros of propaganda (who are far slicker than the Germans, despite their seeming bungling) are afraid that India's appalling misery and her heroic struggle will find a sympathetic audience in the United States. That would further show up Britain's imperialist war aims. The publicists therefore are already talking about a "connection" between the All-India National Congress and the German and Soviet governments. To anyone who knows the anti-fascist record of the Congress—longer by far than that of Mr. Chamberlain—the Nazi herring is laughable. So is the Red herring to those who know that revolution is not an export commodity. The British talk cannot cover up 180 years of contributing practically nothing and taking virtually everything. It cannot hide such facts as that 92 percent of the Indian people are still illiterate. It cannot prevent progressive America from showing her sympathy. Talk, and whatever other weapons British imperialism commands, cannot in the long run prevent India from winning her freedom.

GERALD GRIFFIN, JR.

The Shadow of Famine

How does it feel to starve? Europeans are finding out during the first winter of the Second World War. In Germany Goering announced an increase in the price of butter and milk the other day, first crack in the legal price structure erected by the Nazis. Since the war began, the working day has been extended to ten hours, wages have generally been reduced to the 1933 level, and vacations without pay have become a memory. Meantime a cold wave hit the Continent; in Germany most dwellings went unheated in below-zero temperatures, numerous factories used coal for machines and let their human operators shiver. Many commodities have vanished from the market.

Italy suffers the horror of a near famine. Prices have climbed 60 percent in five years. Last week a 2 percent turnover tax was decreed; accompanying this official increase in the cost of living was a general lift in the price index of food of from 3 to 16⅔ percent in one week. Bread is up 2 percent, coffee 10 percent, spaghetti 5 percent, olive oil 10 percent, cheese nearly 25 percent, sugar 12½ percent. Lack of fats has caused a depreciation in the quality of soap. And wages are fixed by law at pre-war levels.

Bacon has become unprocurable for the worker in Britain. Vegetables for broth cost three times as much. Butter speculators are active in Manchester despite the ration system. Sugar costs 50 percent more than last August. All prices have shot above the 1930 base used by official statisticians.

From a secret hideaway, brilliant Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the French Communist Party, declares in an interview published in the *Daily Worker* of February 16 that "The French people understand and will understand even better that the costs and unhappiness and sufferings of this war weigh upon their shoulders." This is true of all peoples oppressed by imperialist war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The State of the Nation

THIS DEPARTMENT, which NEW MASSES presents weekly, is the joint work of a group of correspondents who send us a letter each week telling about the state of their part of the nation. As more correspondents write in, our coverage will increase. We invite our readers to send their contributions of significant happenings, anecdotes, etc., to "The State of the Nation," NEW MASSES.

Facilis Descensus Morgani

WALL STREET, N. Y.—The "liberal" and oh-so-honest Committee for Cultural Freedom of which Ferdinand Lundberg is a brilliant light, offers (New York *Post,* Feb. 8, 1940) a $150 prize, in conjunction with the *North American Review,* for the best undergraduate essay on the subject "The Challenge to Cultural Freedom."

In his *America's 60 Families,* Mr. Lundberg had this to say about the *North American Review:* "While J. P. Morgan & Co. had Munsey and Laffan serving as deputies, it also had other irons in the fire. Harvey (George) on the Morgan-financed *North American Review* . . . carried out Morgan policies. . . . Where the direct, conscious Morgan influence in American journalism (today) ends one cannot tell. . . . Thomas W. Lamont is probably the single most influential individual in contemporary American journalism. . . . Lamont, like George W. Perkins (Harvey's mentor) has been adept at getting Morgan theses presented. . . . Perkins' only disciple became Lamont. . . . Writers to whom Lamont is friendly unquestionably have their paths smoothed toward pecuniary success."

How now, brown cow?

No Klucker He

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Reactionary Floridians are beginning to lose confidence in Hugo Black. They feel that he meant it when he denounced the Klan on taking his oath as a Supreme Court Justice. They present as evidence his writing of the decision that reversed the sentence in the case of four Broward County Negroes, sentenced to die in the electric chair. They can't conceive of a Klansman not wanting to see the "niggers" die. But in this they are in agreement with the liberals in Florida. They can't conceive of a Klansman writing that decision, either.

New Style "Czar"

PITTSBURGH.—Federal Judge F. P. Schoonmaker, on February 6, imposed fines totaling $54,150 on fifty-seven defendants, of whom fifty-five were leading electrical contractors and the other two were the business agent and financial secretary of the local electrical workers union (AFL). The charge was conspiracy to defraud the federal government by "bid-rigging" on some eighty PWA construction projects since 1935. The defendants had thrown themselves on the mercy of the court by pleas of *nolo contendere.* The fines amounted to a little over 10 percent of the half-million dollars which government lawyers estimated had been raked in by the ring through excessive bids.

The business agent of the electrical union was described by the government attorneys as the "dictator" and "czar" of the local electric wiring industry. This same business agent was charged by the CIO several years ago with having set up a union in a plant at Ambridge, Pa., in collusion with the management. The struggle between the CIO and AFL over representation in this plant became one of the most famous of NLRB cases.

"Getting Necks Out"

CHICAGO.—Under that editorial title, the *New World,* official publication of the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, assailed the neutrality views of the clergymen who recently issued a public letter asking American Christians to take moral and ethical sides in the present wars. (Among the signers was Bishop George Craig Stewart of the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago.)

The *New World* editorial praised the stand taken by Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf of the Chicago area of the Methodist Church against "the war drum beatings" of the open-letter signers. "We who love America," the editorial said, "should feel that neutrality can be maintained with honor, that statements should not be signed with ink which smells strangely of Anglophile prejudice."

Minimum Wages for Sin

MIAMI, FLA.—Congressman Pat Cannon of Miami replied to J. Edgar Hoover's threat to clean up the shady parters of fools and their money with: "We welcome Mr. Hoover to Miami and will cooperate but we want him to stop smearing us in the newspapers. He talks of the waves of hoodlums during the season. We remind him that the vast body of our visitors are clean Americans seeking clean fun and recreation at the unrivaled playground we offer. He should not disparage them or us."

The same day (February 11) the Miami *Herald* informed the clean funmakers that: "City court's penalty against horse race bookies was cut Saturday from $100 and costs for operation of a gambling place to the summer schedule for $50 and costs for possession."

Connecticut the Beautiful

WATERBURY, CONN.—No record has been kept as to how many Connecticut readers of the New York *Times* choked on their orange juice the other morning upon discovering that they live in a "friendly state" which is "virtually back to 1929 levels" and in which "there is no substitute for a good job in private industry."

This tempting Utopia, located just two tolls north of Times Square, is a place—according to the series of articles—where the wealthy are free from taxes; where industry is free from unions; and where the people (ah, the people) are just free.

It all happened when Russell B. Porter, open-shop-minded reporter, swung through the state on a quick tour of Chamber of Commerce secretaries and returned home to concoct a series of authentic-appearing pieces.

The articles, which were given front-page prominence, were clearly directed toward using Connecticut as an instrument of destruction against taxing the wealthy in New York, as well as against the effective trade union movement there. Porter gumshoed through the state, hobnobbed with stooges such as Gov. Raymond Baldwin, well-known Republican accident, and Johnny Egan of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, William Green's echo here. At the same time he studiously avoided contact with anyone who might have referred to the huge unemployment problem in this small state; to the instability of the "boom" which any worker could have made plain; or to the progress of the CIO which today is sweeping industrial workers into organizations by the hundreds.

Baloney Fish Pix

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—The current releases showing Sen. Robert Taft catching a "big fish" were all posed for the moviemen. Bricker's Bob didn't know how to handle the rods, and neither did he make a very good impression taking a shot at a golf ball. He lost his balance when he teed off. A Miamian, seeing the pictures, remarked that Brother Bob would have to stick to Hoover's medicine ball if he made the White House; another said he couldn't understand the picture with Taft and the big fish anyway—it was much too large for a sucker.

Hi Yo Copper!

BUTTE, MONT.—The people in and around Butte are becoming more and more suspicious of the New Deal administration. In a recent newsreel, exhibited here, President Roosevelt was shown talking about "the army of volunteers" who are fighting infantile paralysis. In the past this was well received, because the people here know what it means to suffer from disease and ailments (silicosis, tuberculosis, broken bones, from accidents in the mines), but this year the entire campaign centering around Roosevelt's birthday was received with suspicion as a political move. These people are not opposed to politics in itself. One Democratic national committeewoman apologized for Roosevelt's present policies by saying that he "is just playing politics." But, while large numbers of the people participate in politics, they do not like the kind of politics likely to get us into war, and they view Roosevelt's every move with careful suspicion.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Co. has started a major campaign to force a strike during the life of its agreement with the union. The Copper Institute is forcing down the price of copper. The Butte Miners Union agreement with the company calls for a wage scale which depends on the price of copper—which at this time is 11.25 cents per pound. If it remains that low for thirty days (that is, up to March 8) wages will be cut 25 cents per day. There is no indication in the press here as to what the price of "export copper" is. It is there that the copper trust is making its real dough now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Am a Rapid Stenographer

Midst temptations, trials, and follies, anti-Semites, snobs, and trolleys beset the working girl.

Gentlemen: In reply to your advertisement for a steno-bookkeeper, permit me to state my qualifications: I am a rapid stenographer with nearly ten years' experience. I write 130 words per minute and seventy on the typewriter. Am considered an efficient and alert worker with executive ability. For two years I have managed an office for a large firm. Have also worked for a physician, lawyer, advertising agency, and cleaners and dyers. I am twenty-eight, single, fair in appearance, and a neat dresser. Will supply adequate references testifying to my ability and character and will consider it a privilege to be interviewed by you. Sincerely yours, Irene Jeffri.

SIXTY-THREE such letters, with minor variations, I mailed in the last four weeks. I had one call.

"Sit down, Miss Jeffri."

"Thank you."

"Now, let's see. I must admit your handwriting is very good. Yes, that's why I asked you to come down. Your handwriting is really beautiful. Now, I'll be frank with you, Miss Jeffri. I have interviewed quite a number of girls. Some are college graduates, two of them were former school teachers and one a chorus girl. Why, would you believe it, Miss Jeffri, a forty-four-year-old girl had the nerve to apply for this position. Well, I think that takes a lot of grit, don't you think so?"

"She probably needs work, too."

"M-m-m, yes, you may be right. Now, let's see, where were we? Oh, yes. You write a very fine hand. You have poise and do appear to be neat and efficient. I like your attitude."

"Thank you."

"What would you accept as a starting salary?"

"Well, I have worked for as little as twelve a week and for as much as thirty-five. Suppose you let me work for you one week and then we will discuss this question again."

"Now, that's fair. Yes, that's fair enough. See, that's a proper answer. I really like your attitude. Well, my dear Miss Jeffri, I really like your attitude. Of all the women I've interviewed I'd prefer your type for my office. There's only one reason why I can't put you on right now. The manager of the office staff insists that I interview his daughter before I hire anyone. She's coming in this afternoon. I will let you know."

"Thank you very much."

I walked the eighteen blocks to my home. With the manager's daughter coming in, I better go easy. Seven cents plus another dime and I can almost buy a meal. No! I'll walk. Seven dollars and forty-eight cents left till I get a job. That'll take care of car fare, phone calls, and postage.

And meals? I should really knock off the five pounds I put on during my last vacation. Five feet, five inches, carrying around 125 pounds is just too much. Okay, Irene darling. This is your chance. No lunches till you get a job.

Breakfast 10 cents; dinners at the Health Cafeteria a quarter. Not bad! Not bad! For 35 cents a day you'll easily make the week.

And then what?

Oh cut it out, for Pete's sake. Keep your chin up. Don't you know that steel production is going up? They are putting on several thousand men at the aircraft plants (and two stenographers). True, we are not at war yet but we are helping the Allies. There is a boom in the country.

Yep! I'll get a job. Twenty smackers a week.

What if they give you twenty-five?

You'll take it, you darned fool.

Four-fifty for rent; one-fifty for car fare. I won't have to make so many phone calls, ten a week should be enough. That's 50 cents more. I'll start in on my lunches again. And a glass of orange juice every morning with my breakfast. Nothing less. Remember that place? Twenty cents and you get orange juice, one egg (any style), two cups of coffee, two slices of toast (buttered) and marmalade. Thirty-five cents for lunch. And, by gosh, I'll spend 40 cents for dinner. Twenty and thirty-five, that's fifty-five, and forty. Oh, heck, I'll make it a dollar a day for food. What do I care? I'll make at least twenty smackers a week. I'm a rapid steno. Now what have I? Seven dollars, seven-fifty, fifty for phone, that's eight, and six for room and fare, that's fourteen.

Six bucks left. That's where I get my new shoes and a pair of stockings. Sure need shoes. Can't go into a nice office with these black ones anymore. I sewed up those two little holes myself. That was a smart idea. Lucky those were suede shoes. The stitches didn't even show after applying a bit of that black suede dye. Smart idea.

Second week it will be a hat and gloves. Third week a new dress.

You're way ahead of yourself, Irene. The first, second, third, and forty-ninth weeks you're going to put aside five bucks every week and start paying your debts. Then by the end of the year you'll be clear. See, that's the way to do it. People trusted you. Gave you money when you were out of work. And that $75 they advanced when you were in the hospital. That was darned nice of them.

Now, isn't that the nuts. Here I am walking eighteen blocks to save the 7 cents' fare (another six blocks and I'm home) and you already get into a fight with yourself about your twenty bucks wages. Nuts.

Well, I'm a rapid steno. Somebody must need a swell worker like me. They all say I'm efficient, of the executive type. You have poise. Not bad looking. Of course, you are not the glamour type, but with a little makeup and your curls on the side you really look pretty nice.

It was three weeks ago that I was interviewed by that pleasant gentleman. Since then I have left my application in eleven employment agencies. Funny, those gals who look over your application card all say the same thing: "You have a very interesting card, Miss Jeffri. Very interesting card there. We may be able to place you. Of course, you understand, we are sending out very few girls these days. But we'll keep you on our active file."

In one agency the dame who interviews got pretty sassy with me. "You're not applying for that $120 position, are you?" "Yes, I am. I held a $140 position for two years as manager of a large staff."

"Well, I must admit, Miss Jeffri, you do have a lot of courage. You are twenty-eight; they want office girls of twenty-three to six. You have only two years of high; they want high school or college graduates now."

Courage she calls it.

These agencies take off 25 percent of your monthly income if you earn $16 a week, or one-third if you get more than that.

Remember that free agency I went to? That poor fellow. He looked as if he needed sympathy more than I. He had 3,700 applications in the first nine months of this year and placed only 360 girls.

One fellow almost hired me. Gee, that would have been a swell job. Eighteen dollars a week. I was just waiting for him to pop the question, it was written all over his mug.

"Miss Jeffri, there is something that's puzzling me about you. Your name. Does the 'i' mean you're Italian, Jewish, or what nationality, may I ask?"

"I'm Jewish."

"I'm really sorry. Our firm doesn't employ Jewish help. Now, don't misunderstand me. You are quite a capable young lady. You are the type who makes a fine worker. There's really nothing wrong with you. But this is the policy of our organization."

"You're quite right, sir! There is nothing wrong with me. I'm a rapid steno. There's something wrong with the policy of your firm. Goodby."

If it weren't so tragic it would be too funny for words. I must tell you about it anyway.

One very fine looking, elderly gentleman—you know the type—rosy cheeks (he gets his orange juice every morning), thinning white hair, softspoken, advertised for a "rapid steno, driver, attractive, pleasant personality, apply immediately." I applied.

He was the chattering kind: likes to talk and to be listened to; do not interrupt me, please. I made the grade. I nodded my head at the right time. Occasionally I smiled lightly. He liked that too. He didn't see my bridge work. He offered $12 a week, driving him around from 12:30 to 6:00 p.m.; four days a week we'd cover the suburbs and the two middle days we'd work in his home, answering mail, issuing statements, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll take it, Mr. Thompson." This was the longest sentence I edged in during the thirty-minute interview.

"The card you just filled out says that you have ten years' experience. You have driven a car for four years without any accident. You have earned as much as thirty-five a week. You have kept a complete set of books. Well, Miss Jeffri, you will not be satisfied to work for $12. In the mornings you'll be looking for other work. I need a permanent girl."

"I'll take it." Another squeeze sentence.

"No, no! You won't stay with me even a month. Sorry, sorry. You are too experienced, too good for this job."

He was still mumbling something or other when I walked out.

In these three weeks I answered over forty calls for housework. You guessed it, I did lose that five pounds. That's not such bad work when you figure it out. They pay twenty-five to thirty a month, room and board. In the long run you net as much as in an office. Of course, you're off only on Thursdays and every other Sunday. That makes it kind of tough for one who's used to going to night school, visiting, etc. But they didn't take me. Most of them said that I was "too nice"—too nice for housework. Some wanted an expert cook and I can't make roasts or stuff turkeys. One lady even wanted me to play ping-pong with her brats. I did half a day's work for Mrs. Carey and she let me go. She said I didn't know how to diaper.

Well, I got a lucky break this week. I'm working. I wrap silver for a cafeteria. You know—wrap silver in cloth napkins. From twelve to two and from five to seven. I get 30 cents an hour and my two meals. Of course, I'll get rusty in my typing and shorthand, but for $10 I can go to a brushup school for two weeks and again become a Rapid Stenographer.

IRENE JEFFRI.

When Patriots Eat

THE following notice of the Patriotic Luncheon Group (New York City) is interesting. The Miss Fritz mentioned below, proprietress of the Hotel Iroquois, is an old girl friend of Fritz Kuhn and organizer of many American fascist groups.

Dear Compatriot: The luncheon on Thursday, the first of this year's series, was a "knockout." Although our scheduled speaker, Baron Maydell, telegraphed at the last minute that he was detained in Washington, we were fortunate in getting one of the finest and most inspiring speakers we have had in a long time.

Through the cooperation of Miss Fritz, the genial proprietress of the Iroquois, we secured Miss Romake, director of information of the Finnish Tourist Bureau in this country. Her talk was indeed a treat.

Any organization that wishes to have an exceptionally fine speaker and one who can give the truth about Finland should communicate with her. Her phone number is Circle 7-0363.

The AMA Keeps the Doctor Away

Medical tories win over the public's health and the Wagner Health Bill. The people's fight begins.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has carried out his announced intention of throwing the Wagner Health Bill into the growing New Deal scrapheap. By his birthday message on hospital construction, the President in effect shelved the results of years of study by New Deal agencies; he tore to shreds the blueprint for a New Deal edifice that would have been more imposing than any other single contribution of his administration except perhaps the National Labor Relations Act. It is a tribute to the merit of the Wagner Health Bill, and a testimonial to the mass support behind a genuine National Health Program, that Roosevelt was forced to mask this particular betrayal with demagogic phrases and to soften it with an apparent concession to public demand for health legislation. It may have fooled some people not familiar with the background of the health program and the extent of the needs to be met. But the medical tories—the bigwigs of the American Medical Association—knew what they were getting, and expressed their gratification.

When the President's message was released, Stephen Early, White House secretary, confided that "Mr. Roosevelt was quite sentimental about sending his hospital program to Congress on his birthday." Not quite as sentimental was one prominent liberal senator, who is rumored to have exclaimed when he heard of the President's plans: "Garner could just as well be in the White House now." Actually, to say that Roosevelt's program represents even a drop in the bucket of national health needs would be generous.

The President's message proposed the construction of fifty small hospitals in rural areas, at a total cost of $7,500,000 to $10,000,000 for the next fiscal year. He estimated that an average of one hundred beds per hospital—a maximum total of five thousand beds—could be supplied at the cost he had in mind. Mr. Roosevelt said he recognized that this was not "an ambitious project"; however, he put it forward so that "at least a beginning may be made." He also remarked that he had asked the Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities "to continue its studies," and expressed hope that the Senate Committee studying health legislation would continue its activity *until the next session* of Congress.

The deception and betrayal in the President's message are exposed by even a superficial examination of the Interdepartmental Committee's past work or a slight knowledge of the contents of the Wagner bill. Actually this latest maneuver, "hailed" by the AMA, is part of the White House's present indifference to the people's needs, its suppression of civil liberties, feverish war preparations. A significant aspect of the President's remarks on public health is that instead of openly opposing further action, he has borrowed from Hoover's bag of tricks the familiar technique of recommending "further study."

The time for "further study" by the Interdepartmental Committee expired in January 1939, or at the latest, in August of that year. The reports of the committee itself testify to that fact. The committee was appointed in 1935 after the Social Security Act was passed, for the purpose of studying, among other things, what sort of health program might be added to the Social Security program. The committee appointed a Technical Committee on Medical Care which included experts from the U. S. Public Health Service, the Social Security Board, and the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. The Technical Committee promptly undertook exhaustive studies for the purpose of surveying the nation's health needs and also bringing in concrete recommendations. Before it even started work it had available hundreds of volumes representing the product of ten years of privately endowed studies, plus the report of the National Health Survey, a huge project undertaken and carried out by the U. S. Public Health Service with the cooperation of the WPA. On completion of its work, the Technical Committee filed an exhaustive report with the Interdepartmental Committee, on Feb. 14, 1938. Five major recommendations for action were made; a method of carrying out each of them is provided for in the Wagner bill. The Interdepartmental Committee was impressed with and satisfied by the Technical Committee's report: it was promptly passed on to the President. He too was impressed—and suggested the immediate calling of a public conference to consider the report. Over 175 experts assembled in Washington in July 1938, to analyze and discuss the report. They made their own contributions to the committee's information, but they agreed almost unanimously with the report and recommendations of the Technical Committee.

After *further study* the Interdepartmental Committee sent its own recommendations to President Roosevelt, on Jan. 12, 1939. This report repeated the recommendations of the Technical Committee, and stated that they were "amply corroborated by professional and lay experience and opinion." At that time, the President did *not* feel that there was any need for further study. He promptly forwarded both reports to Congress, saying, on Jan. 23, 1939:

The health of the people is a public concern; ill health is a major cause of suffering, economic loss, and dependency; good health is essential to the security and progress of the nation. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The objective of a national health program is to make available in all parts of our country and for all groups of our people the scientific knowledge and skill at our command to prevent and care for sickness and disability; to safeguard mothers, infants, and children; and to offset through social insurance the loss of earnings among workers who are temporarily or permanently disabled.

The committee does not propose a great expansion of federal health services. It recommends that plans be worked out and administered by states and localities with the assistance of federal grants-in-aid. The aim is a flexible program. The committee points out that while the eventual costs of the proposed program would be considerable, they represent a sound investment which can be expected to wipe out, in the long run, certain costs now borne in the form of relief.

Hardly a month after Congress received this message, Senator Wagner, taking it at its face value, introduced *S 1620,* the National Health Bill. It proposed a broad and comprehensive program—the kind of program for which the President's Interdepartmental Committee had said there was "no greater public need" in 1939. So great indeed was the need, and so obviously necessary was the remedy proposed in the Wagner bill, that even the tory Congress of 1939 was forced to take preliminary action. A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor held exhaustive hearings and gave the problem still *further study*. The sole opposition at the hearings came from the AMA bureaucracy, already thoroughly discredited among the rank and file of the medical profession, and then under indictment for criminally conspiring to destroy a voluntary local group health society. The Senate subcommittee was so impressed by what it learned at the hearings that it issued in August a preliminary report expressing its enthusiastic support for the principles of the Wagner bill, and stating that it would recommend the bill with minor changes in January 1940.

Prospects looked bright for health legislation until the New Deal program became America's first victim of the imperialist war. As the stories began to drift in from Washington about Murphy's sudden romance with Martin Dies, Leiserson's presidential commission to bore from within the Labor Board, and the new type of war and hunger budget in the making, Roosevelt revealed on December 22 that the Wagner bill must be "rejected" as "too costly." In place of this "objectionable" measure, the President announced, he would "build hospitals for needy areas." Smelling blood at once, the notorious Dr. Morris Fishbein, charged with criminal conspiracy in *United States v. American Medical Association et al,* said it was "gratifying to hear the President approve" the AMA's objectives.

In his birthday message the President showed that he deserved Dr. Fishbein's blessings. He recommended an appropriation, considerably less than the cost of one battleship, for hospital construction, and put off for "further study" a subject on which, literally, no further study was possible! A glance at the Interdepartmental Committee's recommendations demonstrates what a hollow mockery the President's proposal really is. Hospital construction is but one point in a five-point program recommended by the committee for immediate action. Yet the need for additional hospital facilities is so great that the President's committee had recommended as a minimum that the government spend over $147,400,000 a year for a ten-year period. Hospital needs are always measured by experts in terms of number of beds provided. Under the President's program, the maximum number of additional hospital beds to be built in the fifty rural hospitals is five thousand. But the findings of the Technical Committee on Medical Care reveal a pressing need for 25,000 more beds in five hundred additional small hospitals in rural communities—and expansion of hospital facilities in small and large cities to the tune of 155,000 additional beds! Furthermore, as a separate problem, there was found an urgent need for fifty thousand additional beds in tuberculosis sanatoria and 130,000 more beds in mental institutions. Thus the President's "program" would meet *1⅓ percent* of the needs discovered by a committee of government experts whose findings were reviewed and approved by another governmental committee, a conference of 175 experts, and a Senate subcommittee.

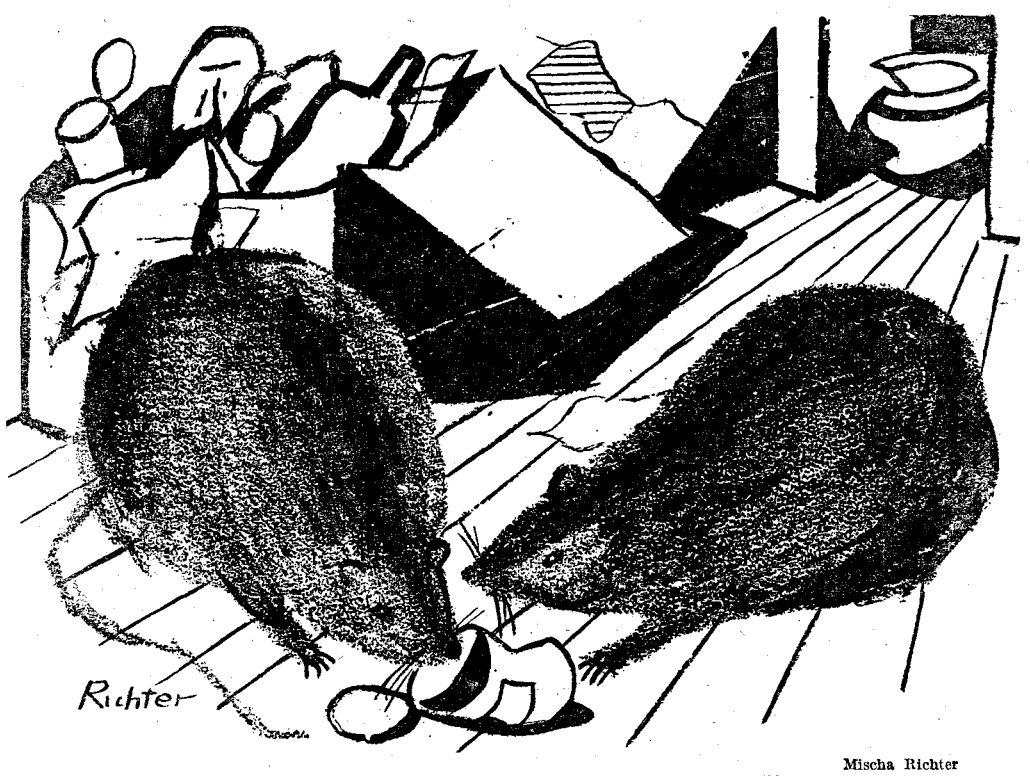
In his birthday greeting to the AMA the President admitted that "conditions described a year ago are substantially unchanged today." But lack of hospital facilities is only one aspect of the appalling conditions described by the Interdepartmental Committee a year ago. The average mortality among American mothers at childbirth was found to be double the maternal death rate in the President's beloved Sweden. The Interdepartmental Committee found that most of these deaths were "sheer waste" and recommended concrete action towards expanding services for maternal and infant care. The committee also found that many thousands of deaths from cancer, pneumonia, syphilis, and tuberculosis could be prevented by early diagnosis and treatment; it recommended concrete action. Thousands of deaths from malaria and silicosis could be prevented by measures proposed by the committee and included in the Wagner bill. The committee revealed that the lowest third of the nation hardly received any doctor's or dentist's care worthy of the name, and that tens of millions of wage earners, farmers, and members of the lower middle class received inadequate treatment. It recommended action to meet both of these major problems; measures hailed by experts as practicable and workable are included in the Wagner Health Bill. But both of these urgent recommendations are urbanely waved aside—rejected entirely so that they may receive "further study."

In a radio address on October 23 Senator Wagner said:

It has been said and it will doubtless be repeated that we cannot afford to make any expenditures now, however modest, toward the health security of the American people. I do not agree, and I believe you do not agree, with any such policy of false economy. Eminent health authorities insist that as a nation we are not any sicker than we need to be but sicker than we can afford to be. The balancing of the health budget presents a real opportunity to help balance the fiscal budget.

It remains to be seen whether Senator Wagner intends to back up these words with action. As far as the people are concerned—and this includes the majority of doctors as well—their fight for a real health program has just begun.

EDWARD SIMS.



Mischa Richter

"What's wrong with housing, anyway?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Should Know Their Names

Seven Americans who fought for Spanish democracy are still in Franco's jails. What you can do about it.

The group held that hill against all attacks and artillery fire during the whole of Saturday morning. They were under heavy fire from two angles, while Moorish cavalry kept trying to cut them off. So they decided to move.

Their idea was to get around Gandesa somehow and reach the main road. However, they soon ran into an impossible fire in which they lost some men, so they set about struggling back to the old positions. This they succeeded in doing, and all afternoon they held the hill against repeated cavalry charges. It was a small group but composed of determined fighters. . . .

Nevertheless, theirs was an untenable position in the long run, and they knew it. As the sun was sinking they decided on a last desperate break for safety. . . . The main part of the group lagged about a thousand yards behind and in the growing darkness lost their direction slightly. . . .

So all in all one can say about 150 out of the original 450 can be accounted for today. Almost certainly more of them will turn up in the coming days, and some may be prisoners. But lots of very fine men are not going to be seen again.—*Herbert Matthews, in the New York "Times" of April 5, 1938.*

MR. MATTHEWS was writing about the American survivors of the fascist offensive in the Aragon, the time that, supplemented and heavily overweighted with German and Italian material and men, Franco broke through to the sea at Vinaroz and cut loyalist Spain in half. It was a valiant story he told and he laid special emphasis on the fate of the American Lincoln Battalion, that was fighting a rearguard action to cover a general retreat. In that action the Lincolns suffered severe casualties and lost several of their finest officers, including Dave Doran and Robert Merriman. Truly, "lots of very fine men" were not seen again. Men who, in Spain, were defending the outposts of American democracy; men who were convinced, long before the rest of their fellow-Americans, that if Spain was lost to fascism, Europe would see a general holocaust. We see it now; we have learned the bitter lesson.

Matthews was wrong on one point; his optimism and his admiration for the fighting qualities of the International Brigades led him to believe that "certainly more of them" would "turn up." No more turned up. But he was right when he said, "some may be prisoners." Many were taken prisoner; many were shot out of hand, and when the Americans again crossed the yellow Ebro in the great offensive of July 1938, they saw the hasty graves of these murdered comrades.

Some prisoners were released by the pressure of American public opinion; some remain in jail. Over 350 International prisoners are still held in fascist Spain—Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Germans, Italians, one Chinese, others.

In November last there were eight American prisoners in the jails of Burgos and Valladolid.

In December there were seven, for Raymond Epailly of California died on December 20, of "pulmonary tuberculosis." It is quite possible that he died of TB, which could readily be understood when you consider that he had been imprisoned for almost two years, maltreated, undernourished, badly clothed and sheltered. Or, like one of the Polish Internationals, he might have been so severely beaten that he died three days later of a "heart attack." In either case, the facts speak for themselves.

Now there are seven and you should know their names: Clarence Blair, of Milwaukee; Cohn Haber, of New York; Anthony Kerlicher, of Iowa; Conrad Stowjea, of New York; Rudolph Opara, of Cleveland, Ohio; Alfred Anderson; Lawrence Doran.

These men have now spent two years in General Franco's pens. Like the other International prisoners, they are under thirty-year sentences (which is a life-sentence in Spain), ironically charged with "participating in a military rebellion against Franco." Unlike the other Internationals, who are under threat of court-martial that may mean sudden death, they are not given the benefit of a "healthy" five-year service in a labor-battalion, rebuilding (again ironically) Belchite, where they served so well. No. They are quite literally rotting to death in Burgos (Blair and Haber) and Valladolid, kept inactive, underfed, underclothed, refused medical attention, systematically beaten, utterly at the mercy and the whim of the new masters of Spain, who have expressed their contempt for those who deliberately and with malice aforethought choose to defend democracy.

These men, our countrymen, men who won even the admiration of American army attaches in Spain during the war (and the American authorities there were none too sanguine about the republican government), as well as the three hundred-odd International anti-fascists, *must* be rescued from Franco's tender mercies. No day goes by that their case is not presented to President Roosevelt, who not so long ago expressed his understanding of why they were in Spain; to Secretary Hull, who not so long ago spoke against the retention of the embargo against Spain. Yet the administration's FBI is now engaged in hounding men and sympathizers of men who less than a year ago had won the admiration and the love of 98 percent of the American population.

The Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade continue to alleviate the miseries these men are enduring; they send food, clothing, blankets, money, tobacco, letters, through various channels. They press for their ultimate release. And they need your assistance.

This assistance, nationally, can best be given through the Veterans (55 West 42nd St., New York) and their national posts; and by writing to the President, the secretary of state, the Spanish Embassy, demanding the release of these prisoners.

Although there are forces at work in America that are still attempting to slander the name and the memory of those brave men living and dead who saw their duty to their fellowmen and did it, the American people do not readily forget their own—whether they were born here, or in England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Spain.

ALVAH BESSIE.

To Ricardo

In Memoriam

Ricardo G——, Madrid—Watchmaker's apprentice, without political affiliation, loyal volunteer on the Andalusian front. Shot by Franco. Age 17.

Once the swordy crash of symbols
Now the sparse Andalusian plain
Break the bordered gardens of Chamartin
The wail of Spain withers and the rain
Beats slowly into sandy earth
All flowers of Muriano, nourishes all pain.
The red poppies set in green; yellow swirls
In polaroid sun, glare no dawn.
Forever high noon race the blooded
Cordobese jacas; across these hills
Forever high noon.

BILL AALTO.

[Veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who served eighteen months in guerrilla war behind Franco's lines.—THE EDITORS.]

The Difference

LAST week, a Polish monsignor arrived in Rome and was interviewed by Herbert L. Matthews for the New York *Times*. Under the necessary anonymity of refugees from Nazi territory, this priest, like Cardinal Hlond, told of the continuing brutalities of the Nazi soldiery in Poland—terror, rapine, and bestiality that the world has come to know as the hall mark of fascism.

As for conditions in Soviet Byelo Russia and the Ukraine, Mr. Matthews' story says:

While he had no direct knowledge of conditions in Russian-occupied Poland, the monsignor said he spoke to many priests who had come from there. The army behaved "very well," he said. The clergy were warned not to practice, but no priest was killed or imprisoned as far as his informants had heard. Moreover, there was no profanation of churches.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
A. B. MAGIL, RUTH MCKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Associate Editors
JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES.

Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL.

West Coast Representative
GEORGE WILLNER.

★

The Red Army Moves

DESPITE the enormous wastage of black ink and white paper, the Finnish White Guard propaganda campaign has fallen into ruins as Red Army artillery, tanks, and planes smashed last week through the Mannerheim defenses. Fantastic tales of battles which were never fought, of heroes never born, sought a place on library shelves beside the myths of Ananias as the clear, concise, truthful Soviet war communiques told the story. It now becomes plain to anyone that when the Leningrad military district reported no activity on the Finnish front there was really no activity, although from Helsinki poured billions of words about vast Soviet losses, divisions surrounded and annihilated.

Instead the Red Army prepared painstakingly. The war became a war of artillery against the concrete and steel forts created by the British within gunshot of Leningrad. These forts fell, day by day, until the Red Army pushed through the breach, captured Summa, and, as we go to press, is in the suburbs of Viborg. Meanwhile the Salla front is quiet. But it will be heard from.

The People Wouldn't Take It

THE same irresistible forces that catapulted A. Mitchell Palmer into limbo two decades ago operated in the outrageous cases against the sixteen Detroiters charged with having helped Americans enlist in defense of republican Spain. Attorney General Jackson has ordered the indictments dismissed, and FBI head J. Edgar Hoover, who carried the raids out in the best midnight tradition of the postwar days, has a few things to think over.

The administration obviously pulled a boner in ordering this prosecution; the uproar by labor and progressives nationally mounted to embarrassing proportions almost overnight. Too many good American voters were involved in aid to Spanish democracy; and that is something to consider, especially in election year. The "liberalism" of FDR—considerably tarnished by his sorry performance before the Youth Congress in Washington—could not stand too much of this sort of thing. Besides, the President's crusade for Mannerheim Finland—his work as Recruiting Sergeant No. 1 for the White Guard generalissimo—would be impeded by following up the prosecution against friends of republican Spain. It is clear, too, that in matters of technique Attorney General Jackson has his differences with his predecessor who is now comfortably seated in the Supreme Court. Mr. Murphy wanted to repudiate his dangerous past as quickly as possible; he handed down the orders against some of the folk who diligently backed him when he governed Michigan. FBI Hoover was only too willing to oblige. But the American people responded as they always will when they see their heritage of civil liberties endangered.

"Guilty"—of Communism

THE administration believes there are more ways than one to skin a cat. The Detroit case was as plain as the shackles J. Edgar Hoover fastened on the arms of the defendants. But the reality of the government's procedure against other progressives has not yet been clarified to the American people. Earl Browder was sentenced to four years for his ideas—not, if you please, for a passport technicality. Now Robert William Wiener has been found guilty of being a Communist—although again a passport technicality was rigged up.

The government's case against Wiener was, if anything, even flimsier than against Browder. Wiener came to this country from Russia in 1914 under the name of Welwel Warszower. It was not till many years later that he learned that he had actually been born in Atlantic City on Sept. 5, 1896. Much of the prosecution's case rested on the contention that the entry of Wiener's name in the birth records of Atlantic City had been forged. The defense, however, utilized the witnesses produced by the government to prove the authenticity of the entry. The defense also showed that false statements which Wiener was alleged to have made on a passport application and a customs declaration had not been written by him, that these documents had, in fact, been tampered with. But the jury was evidently not interested. It took only twenty-five minutes to convict Wiener.

The danger is that the Department of Justice will pursue its course of genteel, "legal" terrorism until nothing much is left of the Bill of Rights. It is easier to warn the nation when a case is as flagrant as that in Detroit. It is much harder when the authorities pursue an oblique course. That constitutes the threat to NEW MASSES and other publications, organizations, and individuals whom grand juries are "investigating."

Declaration for 1940

"A GENUINE New Deal for the state and nation" was the slogan of the Washington Commonwealth Federation at its recent Seattle conference. "There is no man we would rather follow than Franklin D. Roosevelt," said keynoter Howard Costigan to the 1,111 delegates, representing hundreds of organzations in seventeen counties. "But we are so concerned over the future of democracy," he added, "that we will not follow even Franklin D. Roosevelt to war."

The WCF is a united front mass movement within the Democratic Party, with strong trade union support. It wields great power in Washington, where it has elected local and state officials as well as congressmen. Significant is its unanimously adopted program for 1940: support for social security, collective bargaining, labor unity, old age pensions, WPA expansion, the food stamp plan, the National Youth Act, the Anti-Lynching Bill, the defense of civil liberties; against the reduction of social security appropriations in the federal budget while armament appropriations are increased; for removal of military control from federal agencies; against the Dies committee; for increases in taxation on intangible property, and against the sales tax.

Here is a people's program, one that extends beyond the boundaries of Washington state; it is a program around which all American progressives can rally.

Youth Congress Resume

BY THEIR unbridled spleen, reactionary editorialists and columnists are proving what a courageous contribution toward the clarification of American problems the American Youth Congress has made. Mr. Pegler is his usual frenetic self; Miss Thompson froths at the fact that the Youth Congress refused to ostracize young Communists, in fact, specifically pledged to defend civil liberties for minority groups. The charge that the five thousand delegates were unmannerly is both nasty and false. Radio listeners will attest that no booing took place during the President's address; Mrs. Roosevelt will admit that she was received with utmost decorum, even friendliness. No sound claim can be made against the representation at the Congress: it was a rally, a pilgrimage to which only accredited delegates from local councils or organizations affiliated to the Congress were admitted. Legislation on all matters was referred to the Assembly, which met in closed session after the mass of delegates went home.

The essential significance of the Congress is being concealed: for it symbolized a trend, a movement of independence from, and opposition to, the administration. It focused national attention upon the possibilities of a realignment in American politics, based upon labor and the common people. The *Nation* and *New Republic,* stamping-ground of the "Independent Left," hopelessly muffed this point. For here was a leftward trend in the flesh; here in Washington was independence, if anything.

Meanwhile the Congress Assembly has adopted some significant proposals: an appeal to the youth of the world against the spread of the war, pledging that Americans shall not be sirened into the trenches, a proposal to make April 6 the day of nationwide demonstrations against involvement in the war; a plan to convene an Inter-American Youth Congress this coming September. The Assem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bly decided to confer with Labor's Non-Partisan League, exploring the possibilities of cooperation on a state and national scale. No, the Youth Congress can't be laughed off. Nor can hostile criticism obscure its genuine character, its firm place in American life.

Lewis' Challenge

THE echoes of John L. Lewis' speech before the American Youth Congress still cascade in the press. With reason. Rugged and Lincolnesque in spirit, it was an epic challenge to reaction on all fronts. Apart from its dramatic impact, coming as it did only an hour after the President had spoken, Lewis' speech articulated the moods and feelings of the majority of the American people on such questions as peace, unemployment, labor unity, and civil liberties.

Lewis' proposal for a joint convention to bring all the CIO unions into the AFL has been attacked as "insincere" by the AFL hierarchy. Even liberal magazines like the *Nation* and *New Republic* parrot this charge.

But it was Lenin who once said that there is no such thing as a "sincerometer." If Lewis is bluffing, why not call his bluff by accepting his offer? This, of course, is the last thing that the craft union bureaucrats would do since it would mean genuine labor unity with the preservation of all the gains made by industrial unionism in the mass production industries. The term "labor unity" is fast taking its place beside the word "democracy." Everybody is for it in the abstract, but in the concrete there are always good reasons for evading the issue. By bringing the question out into the open, as he did at the United Mine Workers convention in 1938, Lewis again made clear who are to blame for the continued split in the trade union movement.

A. Redfield

"I did it with my little hatchet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Week of Negro History

LAST week was Negro History Week. It was fittingly inaugurated by the Supreme Court decision reversing the death sentence against four young Florida Negro farm hands. Speaking for a unanimous court, Justice Black did not confine himself to eloquent condemnation of a particularly crude and brutal frame-up. He reaffirmed certain general principles regarding civil liberties in words which might well serve as a rebuke not only to the Florida authorities, but to the Department of Justice itself. The prosecutors of Earl Browder, the Detroit FBI raiders, and the investigators of NEW MASSES are brought to mind by these passages of Justice Black's ruling:

> Tyrannical governments had immemorially utilized dictatorial criminal procedure and punishment to make scapegoats of the weak or of helpless political, religious, or racial minorities and those who differed, who would not conform and who resisted tyranny. . . .
>
> Today, as in ages past, we are not without tragic proof that the exalted power of some governments to punish manufactured crime dictatorially is the handmaid of tyranny.

However, the courts have too often been anything but the "havens of refuge" for the people which Justice Black declares them to be. In the matter of Negro rights the Supreme Court itself has been a serious offender.

There were two very different celebrations of Negro History Week: in Maryland a mob threatened to lynch a Negro woman and her fourteen-year-old daughter. In Mississippi the state Senate voted thirty-seven to nine to provide separate civic textbooks for Negro pupils, eliminating all instruction in how to vote.

Pause in South China?

THE Japanese High Command in south China has declared it "will not expand future operations." Claiming victories in Kwangsi Province, which the Chinese deny, the Japanese are reported to have dared the Chungking government to counter-attack. If true, this development may be of first-rate importance. Perhaps no more than a card in the current diplomatic contest with Washington, nevertheless, the fact that such a proclamation was made at all must reflect the exhaustion of Japanese armies, an implicit confession that they cannot hope to conquer all of China. This may correspond to what Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Communist Party, defines as the third stage of the war: Japanese exhaustion and the beginning of Chinese counter-offensive. By way of reply, the Chungking government has just announced the flotation of a $500,000,000 munitions loan.

Earlier in the week, Japan declined to renew a treaty with the Netherlands, which was seen in some circles as presaging a campaign into the South Seas, where Dutch, French, and British colonial booty might prove more digestible than China itself. While the Gallup poll again disclosed that over 75 percent of the American people favor an embargo upon war materials to Japan, resolutions to that effect by Senators Pittman and Schwellenbach are hanging fire before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Certainly, the administration itself cannot be relied upon to help China win, or bring about Japan's defeat. American capital desires not the defeat of Japan, but control over its policies as part of a strategy of general dominance over Far Eastern destinies.

Up Eire!

BY its brutality, the British Imperial Government has added the names of Peter Branes and James Richards to the list of Irish political martyrs including Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett, Fintan Lalor, James Stephens, Michael Davitt, James Connolly, and Liam Mellowes. Their epitaphs, like Emmett's, are to be written by the Irish people at home and abroad in their fight against British imperialism.

Demonstrations in England and Eire against this cold-blooded hanging of two "framed" boys have united all factions of the Irish, except the small class of gentry who always toady to the English in politics and religion. It is recognized as the first outrage in the British campaign to drag Eire into the war and send Irishmen to fight in the snows of Finland.

That the British imperialists will continue their brutality and attempt to suppress the Irish people's fight for unity at home seems inevitable. If the De Valera government will not crush its own people, then a new Black and Tan Army must be sent.

The nationalist sympathy of the twenty million Irish descendants in the United States is something that Chamberlain will have to reckon with. Not to mention an approaching revolutionary situation in Eire itself.

William E. Dodd

THERE is a story that President Roosevelt knew virtually nothing about Dr. William E. Dodd when he called him on the long distance phone one June night in 1933 and offered him the post of American ambassador to Germany. Professor of American history at the University of Chicago and regarded as the world's foremost authority on the history of the South, Dr. Dodd had had no experience in public life. But in the four and a half years that he spent in Berlin he won for himself a unique place in the annals of our diplomatic service.

Dr. Dodd had a weakness for telling the truth that soon made him *persona non grata* with both the Nazis and the career men in the U. S. State Department. There was not enough stuffed shirt and too much *sans-culotte* about him, and his democratic creed was too undilutedly Jeffersonian for the cynical stomachs of Sumner Welles and his crowd. Dr. Dodd was finally frozen out. His death the other day reminds us that new gods have risen in the Roosevelt temple; the money-changers and the money-changers' career men sing hallelujah. Dr. Dodd will be remembered.

Readers' Forum

Open Letter to FDR

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Pardon me, if I found your speech to the American Youth Congress a bit hard to understand. I know you did your best to "talk down" to us irresponsible, harebrained youngsters. So if I say anything wrong, just put it down to the fact that I'm not very smart.

I beg your pardon, Mr. President, if I am interested in "some wonderful new" form of government "that will give to everyone who needs it a handout or a guarantee of permanent remunerative occupation of your own choosing." This morning, when I was cleaning up the back yard, a Negro youth asked me if he might have a few newspapers from the trash can to sell to a junkman. Excuse me, Mr. President, if I am in a little bit of a hurry to see a government that would give this young fellow "a guarantee of permanent remunerative occupation of his own choosing" instead of trash-picking.

I beg your indulgence, Mr. President, if my youthful rashness makes me somewhat suspicious of the "closest study and scrutiny by honest liberals" of the suggestions for helping the country to its economic feet. Didn't anyone ever tell those studious "honest liberals" about the suggestions of a man whose first name was Karl and whose last name is the same as that of three well-known comedians, one of whom is habitually more silent than you are on your third-term issue and twice as funny? Excuse me, Mr. President, if this riddle is too tough, but if you "keep everlastingly at it," you'll get it.

Sorry, Mr. President, if that cough sounded like a guffaw, but I just remembered your statement that "it is not at all certain that your [our] opportunities for employment are much worse today than they were for young people ten years or twenty years or thirty years ago." My head is full of twaddle about increasing population and technological unemployment, etc. And as far as experience goes, you have the edge on me there. I wasn't around, thirty years ago; nobody—not even child-labor barons—would employ 'em as young as I was twenty years ago; and ten years ago we were having Mr. Hoover's "crisis" in which employment opportunities were not worse, they were non-existent. But here is something you like, Mr. President—statistics; look them up, and you'll find that a larger percentage of the population was employed ten and twenty years ago and throughout the twenties. That means the jobs were easier to get and there were more of them per willing worker.

Pardon me, Mr. President, if I ring somebody else in on this discussion, but my girl says that she doesn't think you should have bawled us out for being in a hurry to get to a Utopia, because back in 1933 when the capitalistic system was in danger of toppling, you rushed through various panaceas without pausing for breath until four years later. Also, she wants me to inform you that she will show you—if you really want to see it—"a method of spreading employment to more people when good times come." But you must bring the good times first. There's an invitation to our wedding in it for you, Mr. President.

Pardon, Mr. President, the ignorance I showed in voting to instruct my delegate to the American Student Union Convention at Madison to vote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against a loan to Finland. As I said before, I am a bit slow on the mental draw, and I may have been misinformed on the question: after all, I have only the newspapers, magazines, and radio to tell me what the shooting's all about. Now I figured this way: if what the newspapers and radio commentators say about the Russo-Finnish situation is true, the sympathy of the United States is 120 percent for aid to the Finns. So in order to do something about this sad state of mathematics, I voted the way I did to bring the percentage down to the mere 98 you quoted. But that's not the only reason. Excuse me, Mr. President, if I point out that the person who wrote your speech (it couldn't have been you, could it?) hadn't the slightest idea what the American Student Union's resolution was all about. The ASU-ers gave no indication that they thought a loan to Finland would result in an attack on the USA by the USSR, but they made it very clear that they thought the USA might follow its loan with cannon fodder and that the members of the ASU would be part of that cannon fodder. After all, Mr. President, remember "suffering Belgium." I can't, but you can.

As I readily admit, I may not have the brains of a jack (Garner) rabbit, but even a rabbit knows better than to walk into the middle of a pack of hounds on a bear-baiting spree. So, pardon me, Mr. President if, in my ignorance, I vote for any "unadulterated twaddle" that will keep my feet off Finnish soil in the near future.

MARTIN MCKEEN.

Atlantic City, N. J.

"Unadulterated Twaddle"

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I am one of the youth of America who listened to your speech to the American Youth Congress this afternoon, hoping upon hope that you would divulge some concrete proposals for the betterment of the desperate situation confronting America's young generation. Instead you offered a lot of "unadulterated twaddle."

Of course you must have felt the unenthusiastic response and stony silence that greeted your empty phrases and generalities. And this must have struck your sensibilities as indicating youth's attitude that present and future actions, not past figures, are needed to alter the social and economic degradation of America's young. However, your answer to this is precluded by your recent budget proposals, in which you slashed every form of aid to youth and increased every item that has to do with war preparation, using as excuses such time-worn and discredited phrases as "national emergency" and "national defense."

I would like to know where this threat to our national security proceeds from. According to some of our foremost military experts we are as safe from foreign attack as any nation could hope to be.

To my way of thinking our security is threatened only by the internal forces that control our economy, our liberties, and our very lives. Those in high places whose power it is to determine whether we shall have jobs, whether we shall eat, and whether we shall speak freely are the real enemies of our country and of our form of government. Therein lies subversion, Mr. President.

But I must remember, of course, that it is "un-American" to protest against joblessness, hunger, and insecurity. It is "un-American" to join with my fellow-sufferers to seek the causes and the solution for these conditions.

Yet it is the "American way" to accept my slave status without raising a whimper. It is the "American way" to bury my head in the sand and deny that starvation and misery run rampant throughout this land of plenty. It is the "American way" never to challenge those who sit in the seats of the mighty and who tell us when we may eat and when we may not.

Now, I must make my choice between these interpretations of "un-Americanism" and "Americanism." If I choose the former I am immediately tagged "Communist" (as you were tagged when you decided to correct those conditions or at least make some attempt at it), and I then become "unpopular," to use your term. Yet if I choose the latter, a worse fate awaits me. I will sink to the level of a dog who licks the boots of its master whenever he condescends to throw it a morsel of scrap. But, being a man with red blood in my veins, I prefer to follow the examples of Jefferson and Lincoln who did not fear unpopularity and had faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause of the common people.

And speaking of these great Americans, I wish to stress that your name would have become as immortal as theirs had you continued to champion the underdog. You muffed your chance when you retreated to the forces of reaction. As evidence of this, your condemnation of the Soviet Union and its recent actions served you as an excuse to join the camp of that black reactionary, Herbert Hoover. All of his utterances and actions are compatible with your stand on this issue.

Have we really become a colony of Great Britain? I ask this in all earnestness, seeing how we follow every move that she makes in her foreign policy. When the life of the legally constituted Spanish republic was at stake British policy called for the prevention of aid and you complied. China has been invaded for almost three years while British and American policy coincide in helping Japan carry on this invasion. And what about Austria, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia, Albania, etc.?

My heart prefers to hope that you are misguided on the Finnish question; that you are ignorant of Finland's true role as an anti-Soviet spearhead utilized by the imperialist powers of Europe to crush the USSR; that you are unaware that British and American (du Pont-Morgan) money controls the Petsamo nickel mines and even the rest of Mannerheim's Finland; that you are ill-informed as to the true nature of General Mannerheim and his British-controlled stooges. But my mind assures me that you are in a position to be well-informed on such matters and you can easily consult the files of the State Department about them.

It is not a case, as you well know, of a big nation wantonly attacking a small "peaceful, democratic, brave" country but a question of wiping out the treacherous rulers who conspired for over twenty years with imperialist nations to betray their own people by allowing Finland to be used as a battlefield in an anti-Soviet war. Any person with a modicum of intelligence who followed the Finnish-Soviet negotiations closely would reason that a nation so "infinitesimally small" would never have refused the fair demands of the Soviet unless she was tremendously backed by foreign instigators.

You insult the intelligence of American youth when you chide them for passing resolutions on subjects of this kind. After all, we shall have to bear the brunt of a war; who dares deny us opinions about such matters? No, Mr. President, we aim to concern ourselves deeply about such vitally important issues in order that we shall not be led blindly to the slaughter-fields of Europe by our elders who stay at home and reap the profits from death and destruction. And it is just because we are well-informed on the Finnish question that such a resolution was passed.

Since you feel that we do not understand such matters, why did you not enlighten us further? You dealt with the subject vaguely. You chose to use paternal admonition instead of concrete arguments—which shows conclusively which way the wind blows.

Let me remind you, Mr. President, that during the years when you were the knight in shining armor, defending the "one-third of a nation that is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed," 90 percent of the press was against you. The lords of the press were the "economic royalists" whom you attacked so valiantly. But tonight I hold before me one of the newspapers which emblazon in big headlines and unending praise your speech before the AYC. These papers stress your anti-Soviet stand while they consciously hide your figures showing economic betterment during your progressive days. In short, you are their hero now.

Yet you must not lose sight of the fact that this selfsame mass of people were not "taken in" by the press when you ran for reelection in 1936. They will not be taken in now that this press heaps praise upon your recent actions. When the newspapers were against you the people were for you; it works the other way around.

No, I am not a member of the Communist Party, nor am I what you might even call a fullfledged sympathizer; but I am a member of the working class and I sympathize with truth and justice. You, and many others, will no doubt attribute these utterances to Communistic influences but please remember that when you do, you make Communism synonymous with truth and justice.

JOSEPH S. JORDAN.

The letters published above are two of the many we received in the first days after Lincoln's Birthday from participants in the American Youth Congress' recent pilgrimage to Washington. "New Masses" invites further contributions from young people, whether participants in the Congress or not, on the issues which the pilgrimage brought into the public eye.

Who Is Mr. Eskelund?

TO NEW MASSES: I'm writing in reply to a question George Seldes asks in your issue of January 23: "Who is Mr. Eskelund?" (E. J. Eskelund, New York *Times* correspondent in Helsinki). Although the query appears to be principally categorical, I believe the answer would interest Mr. Seldes and the readers of NEW MASSES.

Eskelund is a Dane and attended the University of Missouri School of Journalism as a foreign graduate student during the school year 1937-38. I did the same and although I did not know Eskelund personally I do know that while at that school he expressed much sympathy for fascism and great distaste for the "crude," "moblike" democracy of the United States. I know also that he spent much of his time with two Nazi exchange students who were exposed that year as German propagandists.

This is no attempt to smear Eskelund; just corroboration of Mr. Seldes' guess that the correspondent in question belongs to the 90 percent fascist majority of the *Times'* foreign staff.

Eskelund left the University of Missouri for China, where he wrote for the *Times*. I read that he was wounded in China. The next I heard of him he was in his present capacity.

I believe Mr. Roscoe B. Ellard, Missouri University professor of journalism who is now taking Mr. Walter B. Pitkin's place at Columbia University as a visiting professor, can and will corroborate these facts. Mr. Ellard knew Eskelund better than I did. S. McC.

New Jersey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFEND YOUR MAGAZINE!

Spike the Threat of
Political Suppression Against

NEW MASSES!

ESTABLISHED 1911

Attend the

Public Defense Rally

Monday, February 26, 8 p.m.

WEBSTER HALL

119 EAST 11TH STREET, N. Y. C.

Admission Free

DEFENSE MEETING CHAIRMAN

William Blake

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Elliot Paul

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND SPEAKERS

Millen Brand
George Seldes
Isidor Schneider
William Gropper
John L. Spivak
Max Yergan

Anna Louise Strong
Shaemas O'Sheel
Theodore Draper
Ruth McKenney
Cora MacAlbert
Edwin Berry Burgum

Richard Wright
Leonard Boudin
Bernhard J. Stern
A. Redfield
Bruce Minton
Joseph North

Is Freedom of the Press in Jeopardy?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Savage Symphony in France

Daladier wages "war against fascism" with concentration camps for Czech, German, Italian, and Spanish anti-fascist writers.

UNTIL the outbreak of war, British audiences were not permitted to witness a performance of *Professor Mamlock,* the stirring anti-Nazi film. The official censor found the Soviet production "quite unsuitable." It was only after months of popular agitation that the government sanctioned performances in carefully restricted areas.

On Sept. 1, 1939, the censor discovered that *Professor Mamlock* was quite suitable after all, and it has since been shown in hundreds of theaters. A censored version of the picture has become the favorite of the war propaganda agencies. What was once an illegal act has become a patriotic duty.

Last month, the British Labor MP for Nelson and Colne arose in the House of Commons to ask Mr. Chamberlain a question. Was the prime minister aware that Friedrich Wolff, author of the play on which the film is based, has for months been in a French internment camp under conditions of severe hardship? Will the prime minister approach the French government on the subject? Mr. Chamberlain replied, with contemptible evasiveness, that this was entirely a matter for the French government.

To prove that he is fighting a war to free Mamlock, M. Daladier imprisons Mamlock's creator! To prove that he is concerned with the German government's suppression of liberty, Mr. Chamberlain calls the suppression of liberty in France no concern of his. These palpable contradictions are an affront to the intelligence of the people whose support the Allies are seeking.

The first victims in this holy crusade against fascism were the militant anti-fascists.

On the first day of this war against the destroyers of culture, the French government interned the creators of culture.

There was, before September 1, a library of burned books in Paris, the *Deutsche Freiheits-bibliothek*. Thousands of books which were burned and banned by the Nazis had been fondly collected here by the German emigres. At the beginning of the war the library was raided by the French government. The books were dumped in the street, kicked around, destroyed.

There was a German Writers Union in Paris. Hundreds of people came here on Monday evenings to hear lectures and readings by the writers they loved best. The union has been dissolved; its papers confiscated; its committee arrested; its president, the poet Rudolf Leonhard, imprisoned.

The Czech writers and artists, victims of Munich, had a Maison de Culture in Paris. Here they lived, worked, discussed their productions. Then the war came, the war which was presumably against Hitler, their own enemy. Their house was broken into by the police; they were brought to the military prison, Cherche-Midi, the same prison where Dreyfus was interned before being sent to Devil's Island. Maxim Kopf, the Sudeten painter, president of the artists' organization loyal to the Czech government, was jailed. The cartoonist Pelc, often called the Czech Daumier, was thrown into the military prison. Adolf Hofmeister, noted novelist and dramatist, member of the PEN club, in 1938 the official Czechoslovak representative to arrange an exhibition in London of modern Czechoslovak art—this distinguished representative of democratic culture has been kept in prison for months, without being informed of the charge and denied permission to receive legal defense.

The International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture has been banned.

Writers who fought for the republican government of Spain have been victimized. Dr. Theodore Balk, a widely translated writer, master of reportage, author of *Here Speaks the Saar* and *Les Races,* served for two years as military surgeon and infantry officer with the loyalists. He is in a concentration camp. Alfred Kantorowicz, Paris correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* till Hitler came to power, lives on meager funds in the provinces. Gustav Regler, who was severely wounded in Spain and is still in poor physical condition, is employed in road work in a concentration camp. This distinguished and beloved novelist, who visited America on a lecture tour in behalf of republican Spain, played an active part in the Saar anti-Hitler movement, and one recalls grimly that it was for this activity he was once expatriated into France. And Bruno Frei, the journalist, suffers the same fate.

A non-political figure, Leonhard Frank, was kept in a French concentration camp for nine weeks. Walter Mehring, the well known dramatist and poet, is no better off. There are scores of other examples of anti-fascist writers, both of the left and the right, which might be mentioned: Rudolf Feistmann, Max Schroeder, Arthur Koestler, Balder Olden, and so on.

Italian anti-fascist writers are being offered up as a sacrifice to Mussolini. The French government has suppressed all Italian newspapers and periodicals published in France, thus depriving Italian writers of their means of livelihood. Among the periodicals suppressed are: the democratic daily *Le Voce Degli Italiani* (The Voice of the Italians); the weekly newspaper *Giustizia e Liberta* (Justice and Liberty) of liberal affiliation; the weekly Socialist paper *Le Nuovo Avanti* (The New Forward); the monthly Communist review *Le Stato Operaio* (The Workers State); the republican paper *La Giovane Italia* (Young Italy).

There is the story of Amedeo Ugolini, novelist and editor. Some years ago, the Italian ambassador in Berlin published an article about the new fascist literature in Italy. Never, he bragged, was there so brilliant a literature, never so brilliant a writer as Amedeo Ugolini. But the literary darling of fascism could not endure the cultural degradation which Mussolini had brought with his Blackshirts. He protested Mussolini's invasion of Spain. His works were destroyed and he was forced into exile. Now reports from France indicate that he and his wife are living under distressed circumstances.

And the Spanish anti-fascists? They too suffer bitterly. It is estimated that of 950 Spanish refugee writers and journalists in France, about five hundred were in concentration camps last December. A report to the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign from Carl Johnson of the Swedish Committee, dated Nov. 8, 1939, stated:

> The situation of the Spanish refugees in France, since the outbreak of the war, has grown considerably worse. . . . A request that the (male) Spanish refugees should join the French army was not received with great sympathy by the Spaniards; after almost three years of war and eight months of concentration camp, they have not so much enthusiasm left that they will voluntarily go to war, especially since relations between France and the Franco government are becoming more cordial. However, an order has been recently issued, stating that the refugees must sign an engagement, either to join the French army within three months or, within the same period, to leave for a neutral country, viz., foremost of them, Spain.

The conditions in these prisons and concentration camps are horrible. A correspondent of the British liberal weekly, the *Tribune,* describes a political prison as follows:

> Visitors see the prisoners through a double grating, which forms a passage along which prison officials patrol. Microphones are installed, and only the lawyer is allowed to meet the prisoners alone. Dark blue paint on the windows of the cells (as an air raid precaution) allows only a dim light to enter. Electric light is permitted only between the hours of 4.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m.

And a correspondent of the *Neue Volkszeitung,* a German-American weekly pub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lished in New York (pro-Ally in policy) reports on Dec. 9, 1939, that "unfortunately" the police acted with "wholly unnecessary brutality." The victims were given no time to dress. They were forbidden to take with them even the most elementary toilet articles. The male prisoners were taken to the Sante prison, left there for from four to six weeks, cut off from all contact with the outside world, given no opportunity to change their clothing, forbidden to buy or read French newspapers. The women were even worse off. "They were put into the notorious women's jail, the Petite Roquette. There they were guarded by French nuns. During the first few weeks they had to spend the time from ten a.m. to four p.m. sitting in silence on little stools in a big common room! They were allowed to use water for washing only in the morning. When they asked permission to wash in the evening as well, the nuns replied that for them [the nuns] it was bad enough to have to be exposed to the sight of half-naked women once a day!"

One report states:

> The conditions under which these men are now vegetating are a disgrace to a civilized country and almost challenge comparison with the concentration camps in Nazi Germany. The men are housed in old, dilapidated barns. The straw used for bedding has turned into a marsh with the course of time. The barns are overcrowded; there isn't a single bench, table, or stool, literally no furniture at all. The inmates have only the choice of crouching in the wet, rotting straw or standing all day. They are actually living like animals in a stall. The rain has turned all the paths into seas of mud, so that going to the outhouses involved getting drenched through and through. Nothing can be hung up to dry within the barns, nor is there any place to store one's clothes. There is, of course, no heat, no light, nothing of that sort. This has resulted in an epidemic of intestinal disease.

All the information which I have been able to gather, either through uncensored letters or through conversation with men and women who have endured these camps, confirms the statement which Elliot Paul made some time ago on his arrival from Paris: "France is being transformed by Daladier, under the cloak of a fake war maneuver, into a totalitarian state. . . . " The Daladier government has ordered the suppression of Jack London's *Iron Heel,* Gorky's *Mother,* Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money,* Marcel Prenant's *Biology and Marxism,* Anatole France's *Penguin Island,* John Reed's *Ten Days that Shook the World.* Under the pretext of a "war against fascism" it is conducting, in reality, a *Blitzkrieg* against trade unionism, democracy, and culture. It is an ironic circumstance that the truly democratic literature of our time is being imaginatively created in the concentration camps of France; we may soon look for a *Savage Symphony* which describes the French cultural *Blitzkrieg.* Let us hope that it succeeds in getting smuggled out so that the world may hear at firsthand what the "war aims" really are.

In the meantime, we can and must fight for a liberalization of our own immigration laws so that more writers can find a refuge here. We should remember that the Exiled Writers Fund of the League of American Writers can help alleviate the suffering of the victims. Above all we must insist upon the simple truth that it makes precious little difference to a writer, or to anybody else, whether he rots in a German concentration camp or a French concentration camp. *We must free both the Mamlocks and the Friedrich Wolffs!* SAMUEL SILLEN.

Your Health, America!

HEALTH IN HANDCUFFS, *by John A. Kingsbury, M.D. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.*

FOR one day, the problem of the nation's health recently scored a unique victory over the war in Europe when Roosevelt's hospital plan captured a few headlines of the nation's press. The construction of fifty hospitals is recommended as the first step toward meeting the health needs of the people. Unfortunately, this first step is a step backward. It shelves indefinitely the Wagner Health Bill, which would actually help meet the people's needs.

For an understanding of this problem of the nation's health, jeopardized now as in the past by a plexus of politics and prejudices, Dr. John A. Kingsbury's *Health in Handcuffs* is the most pointed and concise presentation to date. Here, in less than two hundred pages (with bibliography and index), is the whole picture—the people's acute need for greater medical services and what must be done to fill this need.

That the American people are not getting the medical care they need, and are not getting it chiefly because of its cost, has been overwhelmingly proved in nationwide and local surveys. That the people are entitled to medical care, even if they cannot afford to pay for it, is a generally accepted theory, from both a humanitarian and economic point of view. But whenever a concrete program based on this theory is put forward, it is howled down by reactionary politicians and medical-politicos. As a British medical journal remarked, Americans seem unable to distinguish between sociology and socialism.

"A health program for democracy" Dr. Kingsbury calls the National Health Program. Its recommendations made at the National Health Conference July 1938 were: (1) expansion of public health services—maternal and child health services and services for crippled children; (2) expansion of hospital facilities; (3) medical care for the medical needy; (4) a general program of medical care; (5) insurance against loss of wages during illness.

This program was recommended to Congress by President Roosevelt in January 1939, and a month later Senator Wagner used it as the blueprint for his "National Health Act of 1939"; $89,000,000 was to be appropriated this year to carry the plan into effect.

The organized opposition to the Wagner Health Bill has been well publicized. The hierarchy of the American Medical Association has the one virtue of consistency, in that it opposes every progressive measure in medical practice. Dr. Kingsbury reports with some humor how the AMA—always so prone to the verbigeration "Red"—labeled as "socialism and Communism—inciting to revolution," the mild recommendation of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care in 1932, made under the chairmanship of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Hoover's close friend and secretary of the interior. The vaporings of Mr. Frank Gannett and his "National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government" concerning the Wagner bill are well known too, and hardly unexpected. The surprising, subtle thrust has come from the man who said to Congress one year ago, "The health of the people is a public concern"; who said to Congress the other day, "Conditions described a year ago are substantially unchanged today," as he shelved the plan to help remedy those conditions.

Senator Wagner has announced that he will push his original National Health Bill in spite of the administration's abandonment. He must be backed by all progressives. Passage of this bill would bring us closer to the time when, as Dr. Kingsbury says, medical service, like education, will be the birthright of every citizen. CORA MACALBERT.

Secessia

THE COURSE OF THE SECESSION, *by Ulrich B. Phillips. D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.50.*

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA, *by Joseph C. Sitterson. University of North Carolina Press. $2.*

THE posthumous work of Phillips consists of a series of interpretive essays giving the essence of his ideas concerning the old South. Sitterson's work, like most monographs on the subject, clearly reflects the unfortunate influence of Phillips, but confines itself to the history of one state during the decade prior to the Civil War.

The fundamental falsehood vitiating both works, and the whole class of Bourbon histories of which these are but examples, is the idea that there was *a South,* and that *the South* seceded. There never was (and there is not now) a South in anything other than a geographic sense. In a historic, social, and economic sense this area was (and is) composed of an oligarchy comprising a fraction of 1 percent of the population, and yeomen, artisans and mechanics, "poor whites," as well as a body of Negroes comprising some 35 percent of the population.

Phillips' blindness leads him to see a "contented" South in the colonial period, with the one exception of Bacon's uprising. In the post-revolutionary period he sees internal "placidity" and "united action" so far as the whites were concerned. As for the slaves, he makes the completely unhistorical statement that "Revolts and plots very seldom occurred in the United States," and proceeds to falsify the two instances he does describe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Both writers (Phillips more unqualifiedly than Sitterson) make the establishment of Secessia result from the united effort of an outraged people. But the fact is, and will remain, though Hollywood spend four hundred millions instead of merely four to propagate the lie, that the American Civil War was precipitated by an attempt at a counter-revolutionary uprising on the part of the desperate slavocratic oligarchy. We offer two quotations, and space permits only two, from leading secessionists to substantiate this point—a point hinted at, incidentally, by Sitterson himself when he notes that the North Carolina politicians decided *not* to submit the question of secession to a vote of the people.

A South Carolina slaveholder, A. P. Aldrich, wrote (Nov. 25, 1860) in a private letter concerning his class' rebellion:

> I do not believe the common people understand it; but whoever waited for the common people when a great movement was to be made? We must make the move and force them to follow.

And another slaveholder, Edmund Ruffin, a leading Virginia secessionist, confided to his diary, on April 2, 1861, that he had been told:

> . . . privately by members of each delegation (to the Confederate Constitutional Convention) that it was supposed people of every state except South Carolina were indisposed to the disruption of the Union—and that if the question of reconstruction of the former Union was referred to the popular vote, that there was probability of its being approved.

That was but one week before the firing on Fort Sumter. Let Miss Margaret Mitchell's Rhett Butler put that in his pipe and smoke it! HERBERT APTHEKER.

Up-to-the-Minute Maps

AN ATLAS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, *by J. F. Horrabin. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.*

MAP makers, the current quip has it, are the only people these days that have job security. The map's changing all the time. J. F. Horrabin's excellent Atlas has run through many, many editions since 1934, and not merely because of a recurrent appreciation of its intrinsic worth. The seventh edition, revised through the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, has all the information and punch of earlier issues. Perhaps a premonition advised the author to include in his map of Poland the Lord Curzon Line, which Pilsudski violated in 1920. That's just about where the Red Army now stands. Seventy-four separate plates give you a great deal of information: distribution of nationalities, pre-World War boundaries, political subdivisions of many states: they're all here. It's a valuable booklet for anyone who's really following the news. As a visual summary of recent history, accompanied by running commentary, it's the best there is. J.S.

What Causes Wars?

WAR IN THE 20TH CENTURY. *Edited by Willard Waller, Random House. $3.*

ANY literary symposium on any general topic, unless united by some form of editorial synthesis, is likely to breed confusion in the minds of its readers. Of course, a striking clash of opinions might lead to a positive result—dominance of one theory over another. But alas, this is not the case in *War in the 20th Century*.

Mr. Waller, the Barnard College professor of sociology who edited this collection, presents so many theories as to the causation of war that he himself can make no choice. He is inclined to believe this and to believe that. Thus he attacks nationalism, but then, on the other hand, he rejects internationalism. He regards the Marxist theory of the clash of imperialist interests with some approval, but on the other hand discards it, although at the same time he admits that it may guide a program of action.

However, when you boil down the broth to its essence, *War in the 20th Century* becomes just another anti-Soviet book. Through its maze of generalizations and its confusion of ideas a crystalline sparkle may be seen. Fascism, in the form of Clifford Kirkpatrick's essay, gets fifty-seven pages which contain no economic explanation of the basis of the totalitarian state. The Soviet Union is jellied into twenty compact pages by David Krinkin, pages which strive somewhat apologetically to be "objective." Mr. Waller annotates them with critical remarks to the effect that Dr. Krinkin should have pounded more noisily upon the anti-Red key.

The very breadth of the book, its delving into social phases, anthropological explanations, economic causes, cultural currents, and mere historical research makes it relatively easy to understand how Mr. Waller accomplished so much confusion in so great a space. "War in the 20th Century" should logically be an anti-Soviet war, he more than infers. Whatever the explanations of the 1914-18 imbroglio, whatever the diplomatic chicancery employed, whatever the horrors of Versailles, however black the future, Mr. Waller is positive about one thing: Marx didn't know much of anything. The Soviets have played a not too important role in the last twenty-three years. Life is a muddle, Communism is hopeless.

In folkways, in Malthusianism, in mysticism, in moralism, in most anything except capitalism Mr. Waller finds the explanation for what's wrong.

I should be less than just if I did not admit that among the 572 pages are many which state facts. Information percolates through the pinholes provided by the editor. Among the contributors to *War in the 20th Century* are Quincy Howe, Harry Elmer Barnes, and a coterie of liberal professors or pamphleteers. They manage, however, not to convince for the reason that they have no real convictions themselves. S.M.

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG

A Delightful Hideaway in the Mountains
COME FOR THE WINTER SPORTS
Now's the time to enjoy a bracing week or weekend here. This winter, for the first time, Chesters' will be open right through, without interruption. A rousing menu of ALL WINTER SPORTS will give you lots to remember your stay by. Also: Good company, lots to do, warm and cosy quarters. Why not write now . . . or 'phone Fallsburg 53?
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

TRIPLE LAKE RANCH

Only 37 Miles from New York
Join us for the most exciting Washington's Birthday weekend you've ever spent. Special activities planned. Horseback Riding. Winter Sports. Modern. Steam-heated Accommodations. Excellent Food. MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW.
SUCCASUNNA, N.J. N.Y. Phone: TRiangle 5-2163

Birdland

Open all year. Formerly Lewisohn's Estate, Central Valley, N. Y. 40 miles from N. Y. 225 acres in beautiful Ramapo Mountains. All Winter Sports. Ice Skating, Sleighing on premises. Open Fireplaces, Library, Congenial atmosphere. Excellent Cuisine. Moderate rates. Tel.: Highland Mills 7895.
Management: FANNIE GOLDBERG

Enjoy your vacation at
EAGER ROSE GARDEN
901 Princeton Avenue Lakewood, N. J.
- All sports. Social activities
- We also cater to vegetarians. Moderate rates for the entire season

N. Y. PHONE DAyton 9-3031
OR LAKEWOOD 428

Enjoy your week-ends and vacation at
MARTEROMO
Pearl River, N. Y. Tel.: 973
A modern, steam-heated farm resort. Rest, recuperate in exhilarating air of Ramapo foothills. All sports. Lake on premises, Ice Skating, Saddle Horses. Excellent food, 20 miles from city. Rockland-Spring Valley Busses. Rates: $3 day; $18 wk.

Enjoy Winter Sports at
PLUM POINT
the year 'round vacation resort
Magnificent estate overlooking Hudson River
Horseback riding—All winter sports—Superlative cuisine
Make reservations now. Illustrated Booklet on request
In New Windsor, N. Y.—P. O. Box 471, Newburgh, N. Y.
'Phone Newburgh 4270

When in Lakewood Be Sure to Visit
THE ROYALE
708 Princeton Ave. Lakewood, N. J. Telephone: Lakewood 1146
An excellent Russian trio. Our New Annex Assures You of Added Social and Sport Facilities
SONIA GELBAUM ANNA BROUDE
SPECIAL DIETS

GIANT SKATING RINK
Spend Your Winter Vacation at
CAMP BEACON
Beacon, N. Y. Telephone: Beacon 731
Hotel Accommodations
SERVICE GALORE!
$17.00 per week :: $3.00 per day
Trains leave from Grand Central Terminal to Beacon, N. Y.

Entire Set of Seven Issues of John L. Spivak's Smash Expose of Charles E. Coughlin and the CHRISTIAN FRONT Are Now Available at a Special Price!

The Circulation Department of NEW MASSES is pleased to announce as a special service to readers, the entire set of articles by John L. Spivak on Father Coughlin beginning November 21 and ending with the issue of January 2 is now available for order. Price 70 cents for the full set of seven articles! In response to numerous requests, we also wish to announce that full sets of the Spivak articles, *which will not be published in pamphlet form*, are available for mailing to your friends and acquaintances. Simply send in the list of names, indicate where the full set of articles is to be sent, and enclose 70 cents in stamps or money order.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
NEW MASSES
461 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.
CALEDONIA 5-3076

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

One Newsreel Is Worth a Million Lies

With camera and soundtrack to the typewriter GHQ. Phony stills but no newsreel shots of Mannerheim's kampf. The degrading of John Barrymore.

VISITING a newsreel theater is a rather disgusting professional duty. Half of the hour's bill at the Embassy last week was devoted to the heroism of the Finnish White Guards, chiefly in a splendid fantasy by the March of Time, called *The Republic of Finland, 1919-1940*. Mr. Luce's stomach-ulcer scholars are reinterpreting history on a grand scale. The two years of Finnish history, immediately following the emancipation from czardom (1917-19), are ignored and the Finnish "republic" is not recognized by Time, Inc., until the date the Mannerheim regime seized power. Next month the Forced March of Time will include two essays, "The Italian Democracy—1922-40," and "Free Spain—1939-."

The nasal lies of the March of Time paled into a relatively good-natured little matter compared with the succeeding Pathe interview with John Barrymore, upon the actor's return to what is known as the New York stage after seventeen years of better fortune.

The March of Time, it is no secret, stages its prevarications right here in New York, and the episode depicting a Soviet spokesman explaining the Finnish business was filmed in the Murray Hill Hotel, ten blocks from Mr. Luce's Time & Lie Bldg. It was simple to find an obliging White Guard to portray the Soviet official.

The Barrymore interview was a masterpiece of contumely, handled more effectively than the March of Time's crude counterfeiting because the part was obviously being played by John Barrymore, and a John Barrymore in a state of incoherent, belching drunkenness. With that innate good taste personified by Lew Lehr, the muse of movie journalism, the Pathe crew moved into Barrymore's suite, turned the lights on him, and let us see and hear, uninterrupted for five minutes. Mr. Lehr with his funny hat and surrounded by his baboons could not have added to the degraded exhibition. It is an example of unedited film, a rarity usually reserved for snickering at sweepstakes winners. Barrymore rambles thickly through a broken speech, ad libbing remarks to the sniveling newsreel crew, and finally exhibiting his profile. At this point he lets go a few purple phrases and the soundtrack is chastely deleted.

In a way the Pathe boys are no more to be blamed than Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, two commercial gentlemen attached to Barrymore as producers of his current vehicle, *My Dear Children*. These two gravediggers are being paid handsomely for their peepshow into the wreckage of his career. The ghost of great Hamlet dresses up in odd costumes and careens across the stage, improvising his contempt for the audience and for the wounds of life. A great talent has become a sad parody of itself, and hyenas squeal en masse at the spectacle, which is considered funnier than *Hellzapoppin*. The audience is a frustrated edition of a lynch mob, perfumed and arrayed for the theater. New York has grown too large for public hangings and the institution has been adapted for lingering presentation at a three-thirty top. This is sadism in a cloak of humor, a proper study of the current morality of the upper classes—only a dollar or two removed from the female mud wrestling matches beloved of newsreel editors.

Only Sidney Whipple, among the dramatic critics, has spoken plainly on this degenerate thing in the theater. A decade ago the grip of the upper classes on reality was still great enough to discourage such a play as *My Dear Children*. Now it is the high point of the season and Bernard Shaw's magnificent dotage goes neglected. Sean O'Casey hails in Ireland the coming of socialism in Europe, and Friedrich Wolff is in a concentration camp in France. Great chasms are opening in culture, and the theater no less than any other art is rent apart. The bourgeoisie holds its wake over the remains of the great Barrymore and *Life* magazine nods stern approval of Franco's program of discouraging "cultural luxuries" in order to "repair the mischief" of the Spanish democracy. The bourgeoisie is tired of culture. Life is hateful to them and they do not want to be reminded of it in art. Through habit their theater will go on, devoted to denying reality in "problem" plays, and mocking reality in comedies.

The venality of the press is seen at its apogee in movie journalism. (I use the term "journalism" to distinguish documented lies from the fictional kind represented by feature films.) The Finnish newsreel clips are somewhat clumsier than the work of the press photographers, who have developed a useful occupational game called Roll the Frozen Red. Eric Calcraft's celebrated still photos at Suomussalmi include three shots of the same body—one in the original position, one rolled over on the side, and one in a reversed plate with a bit of wire painted into the grasp of the corpse. Red Soldier Frozen Into Position Stringing Telegraph Wire. The photographers are mathematically less privileged than the cable desks, because the available poses are soon exhausted.

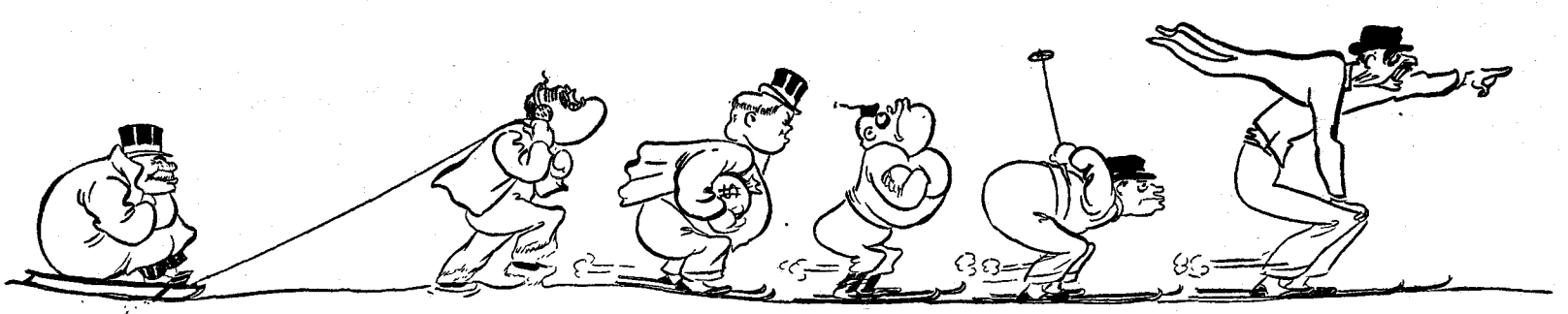
One newsreel sequence shows the alleged burning of Viborg, fired by a "Red Big Bertha." Aside from this unconfirmed matter there has been no action stuff of the war, and warmongering has been confined to portraits of Mannerheim and Hoover, with adoring commentary delivered through the nose.

JAMES DUGAN.

One for the Ashcan

"The Unconquered," by Ayn Rand, anti-Soviet flop.

Now if you were a smart, capitalistically inclined impresario and were anxious to produce a vicious and effective diatribe against the USSR, wouldn't you hire the finest playwright you could lay your hands on, who could write a brilliant, incisive,



Lucius

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subtle, and above all *moving* play, that would damn the hell out of those awful Bolsheviks? Or would you toss onto the stage a deadly dull 10-20-30 meller written by a fourth-rate hack?

George Abbott has done the latter, and Miss Ayn Rand's play, *The Unconquered,* which she adapted with her own lily-white-guard hands from her escape-from-the-Soviets novel, *We the Living,* bored what audience showed up at the Biltmore the second night of its production. (It closed the fifth night.)

Leo Kovalensky is a dying aristocrat and Kira Argounova is his inamorata, and they are caught in the toils of the GPU. Said GPU is represented by Andrei Taganov, who wore the finest leather jacket I have seen in a long time. He wants Kira. To pay for Leo's convalescence, she sells herself to Andrei. But the fool, he loves her. And when he loves her he sees a great light on the road to Leningrad, and though he must do his duty and expose her Leo as a crook and a swindler and a saboteur, he knows that The Party Has Betrayed the Revolution, and so he kills himself. He was the noblest Bolshie of them all, according to Miss Rand.

To quote the capitalist press: "Not only does Miss Rand's melodrama make a GPU man its most attractive character, but its loudest eloquence seems devoted to the contention that what the Russians needed (in 1924-25) were more and better purges. The idealistic agent of the secret police is surrounded by shrewd, Tosca-like heroines, decadent aristocrats, corrupt politicians and fat speculators, and the most violent charge the play brings against the Communist regime is that the GPU refuses to shoot more of them" (New York *Herald Tribune*). Soviet papers please copy.

ALVAH BESSIE.

TAC Negro Show

"Saturday Night in Harlem," a new kind of entertainment.

CABARET TAC's first *Saturday Night in Harlem* was the kind of success that demands countless repetitions. Presented at the Park Palace, N. Y. C., the show was a type of entertainment new for TAC and for the excellent performers in it. The opening number expressed the novelty:

> This is not a minstrel show,
> Let's put an end to endmen and such;
> No Pick and Pat
> To bandy words and clown;
> No Amos and Andy
> All thumbs down!

The performers were highly conscious of the socially sensitive lyrics. Numbers by Rose Poindexter and the trio—Laura Duncan, Lin Hayes, Bell Powell—and Jimmy Waters, who sang of "Gertie, the Stool Pigeon's Daughter," went to make up a show notable for its avoidance of comic Negro stereotypes and misuse of talent which has characterized

Alvah BESSIE, Ernest HEMINGWAY
Sidney KINGSLEY, Elliot PAUL
Clifford ODETS, Luis QUINTANILLA

Invite you to join them at the

Spanish Prisoners REVUE

LUTHER ADLER ★ MARC BLITZSTEIN ★ PHOEBE BRAND ★ BOOGIE-WOOGIE Pianists ★ MORRIS CARNOVSKY ★ LAURA DUNCAN —"Strange Fruit" ★ WILL GEER ★ GENE KELLY ★ ELLIOT PAUL ★ MOLLY PICON ★ EARL ROBINSON & CHORUS ★ HAROLD ROME ★ Rainbow Room REVUERS ★ HERBERT RUDLEY and ANN LORING ★ HAZEL SCOTT—Cafe Society ★ ANNA SOKOLOW ★ ART SMITH, WILL LEE, DAVID OPATASHU (all from "Night Music") in a scene from Vet. PETER FRYE'S play of the LINCOLN BATTALION "IF I DIE" ★ VILLARINO—Guitar and Flamencos ★ V. + W. Czech Movie Stars.

Committee For The Release Of International Prisoners In Spain

Sunday, February 25th

MECCA TEMPLE

Auspices of Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

TICKETS: 55c, 83c, $1.10, $1.65, $2.20. On sale at Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13th, Leblang's and Gray's, Progressive Bookshop, United Czech Societies, and VETERANS of LINCOLN BRIGADE, 55 West 42nd Street. Phone LO. 3-6213. At 8:30 P.M.

✓ *Spread the Word*

For the Cause That Refreshes

Insist on NEW YORKER Ginger Ale and Club Soda at your bar. Ask your grocer for it. We vouch for the quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Home delivery. Any small or large amounts. Also all soft drinks.

★ ★ ★ ★

The profits are going to Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

★ ★ ★ ★

Each quart you drink means food and care for the boys.

NEW YORKER SODA
55 West 42nd Street LO 3-6214

"You positively must see Davenport's Free Theatre. It will forever flavor your memories of the theatre."—Reader's Digest

DAVENPORT FREE THEATRE
138 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.
DOOR OPENS AT 8 P.M.

"THE BELLS" 3 act drama. Tues., Wed., Thurs., 8:30 P.M.
"LOUIS XI" 3 act drama. Fri., Sat., Sun., 8:30 P.M.
ADMISSION FREE

HEAR YE!!

Forums Arranged by New Masses Lecture Bureau

This Week:

Sunday, February 25, A. B. MAGIL, 2630 Broadway (100th Street). Topic: CAN AMERICA STAY OUT OF WAR?

Sunday, February 25, ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, Hotel Pierrepont, Pierrepont & Hicks Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., 8:30 P.M. Topic: ATTACK ON CIVIL LIBERTIES.

Sunday, February 25, JAMES MORRISON, Flatbush Marxist Forum, 1112 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, 8:00 P.M. Topic: PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUES — HOW TO READ YOUR DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Hollywood Forum
THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION
Brought Up to Date
Led by NORMAN BYRNE
Professor at City College of Los Angeles

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS
Next Forum Will Be Held Wednesday Evening, February 28th, 8:30 p.m.
Lido Room, Hotel Knickerbocker, Hollywood, Calif.
Auspices: NEW MASSES ADMISSION: 25 CENTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big closeout of . . .
SMARTLY STYLED
MANUFACTURER'S SAMPLE
FUR COATS
at amazingly low prices
DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY
PHIL GLUCKSMAN
350 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

A "GRAPES OF WRATH" EVENING
for the benefit of
the JOHN STEINBECK COMMITTEE
presented by
TAC and WILL GEER of the
TOBACCO ROAD COMPANY
featuring
American Ballad Singers and Folk Dancers
WILL GEER, ALAN LOMAX, AUNT MOLLY JACKSON, LEADBELLY, WOODIE GUTHRIE PENNSYLVANIA MINERS, MARCO MAYO, GOLDEN GATE QUARTET, and others.
Sunday, March 3rd at 8:30
FORREST THEATRE, 230 West 49th Street
Tickets 55c, 83c, $1.10, $1.65
at Forrest Theatre or TAC, 117 West 48th Street

LATEST RECORDS
SONGS FOR AMERICANS
by Earl Robinson
We have all the Blue Note records reviewed in Mr. Bixler's column. Send for list NM.
O. PAGANI & BRO.
289 BLEECKER ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"BILL OF RIGHTS" FUND DRIVE
NEW MASSES
461 Fourth Ave.
New York City
Enclosed, please find $....., my contribution towards New Masses' "Bill of Rights" Fund Drive.
Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . .
2-27-40

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

several recent unsuccessful Broadway shows. Others deserving special mention were Richard Huey, remembered for his performance in *Three Men On a Horse,* who read James Weldon Johnson's poetic sermon, "The Creation"; and Calvin Jackson, young pianist, who "gave out" from Chopin to Bob Sour and Johnny Green's "Body and Soul," plus highly complicated numbers of his own which revealed his musical kinship to such swing masters as Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson.

The *piece-de-resistance,* however, was the show's version of *Gone With the Wind.* Since the early thirties and the advent of *Of Thee I Sing,* the American theater has been going through a process of self-evaluation which has taken the direction of satire and plays of social significance. But the Negro section of the theater, except for the Federal Theater productions, has remained unchanged. Old formulas and stereotyped patterns have been used with no variation save in the dance routines.

Today, despite a million dollars' worth of talent, *Swingin' the Dream* failed; Paul Robeson's distinct talent couldn't save *John Henry.* A public that has had a glimpse of the possibilities of Negro performers in vehicles that make full use of their talents now demands something besides the old formulas.

TAC's version of *Gone With the Wind* went far toward satisfying that demand. The sketch was a combination of political satire and burlesque which had the impact of the new, plus a quality of the unreal, which faded as the audience recovered from the surprise of seeing Negroes in the role of fun makers, rather than the usual objects of ridicule. Comedy of this quality is achieved only when there is as much understanding and emotion as is required of tragedy. The author, Carlton Moss, has succeeded in capturing that native combination of seriousness and hilarity which characterizes the secular Negro folk songs.

The show was produced by John Velasco. Al Moss directed the music. The songs by Mel Tarkin, Leo Weiner, and Bob Sour proved again that TAC's writers are able to turn out telling lyrics. It is hoped that TAC will continue to develop the new field it has discovered. RALPH ELLISON.

Opera for Whom?

The Met excludes the public but asks its financial support.

THE Metropolitan Opera Company has experienced financial difficulties ever since the 1929 crash, when the millionaires supporting the institution found that musical culture cost too much and decided to drop it.

Largely for the sake of publicity, the institution, up to that time, had been tantalizing a jealously excluded public by permitting the broadcast of *one act* of one opera once a

Pick the book you want... for as much as 50 percent off!

Combination offers of
52 weeks of New Masses
(regular price $4.50)
and an outstanding book!

1. In Place of Splendor
by Constancia de la Mora
LIST PRICE $3.00; WITH NEW MASSES:
$6.50

2. Men in Battle
by Alvah Bessie
LIST PRICE $2.50; WITH NEW MASSES:
$6.25

3. The Lincoln Battalion
by Edwin Rolfe
LIST PRICE $2.50; WITH NEW MASSES:
$6.00

4. Famine
by Liam O'Flaherty
LIST PRICE $2.00; WITH NEW MASSES:
$5.00

5. The Summer Soldier
by Leane Zugsmith
LIST PRICE $2.00; WITH NEW MASSES:
$5.00

NEW MASSES, 461 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.
Gentlemen: I want to subscribe for 52 weeks of NEW MASSES and also take advantage of your special combination book offer. I enclose $ . . . Please send me the following book (list title and author)
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City and State . . . . . .
2-27-40

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES Classified Ads

50c a line **Min. charge $1.50**
7 words in a line **Deadline Fri. 5 p.m.**

Classified ads can not be accepted over the telephone, and must be paid for in advance.

CLEANING & DYEING

Bracnel Cleaners, Dyers & Tailors, 43 Greenwich Ave. **GOODS CALLED FOR & DELIVERED.** For good work & prompt service call CH 2-7074. G. Brackman, mgr.

DANCE INSTRUCTION

SOCIAL DANCE GROUP. For six years we have been teaching ballroom dancing to workers, efficiently and economically. We can do this for you, too. Registration daily 2-10 P.M., Studio 7B, 66 Fifth Ave., GRamercy 7-2529.

FURNISHED ROOM TO LET

ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED ROOM to let. Suitable single man or woman. $15 per month. Call all day and evening. Apt. 12, 342 East 18th Street, near 1st Avenue.

HOSIERY

FINEST LISLE & LISLE MESH, Union made at wholesale prices. **AGENTS WANTED.** Eastern Hosiery Co., 330 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STELLA HOSIERY MILLS, 11 W. 42 St. Home of New Rayon. Full fash'ed sheer, lisle, Bemberg. Wholesale; box 3 prs. 55c ea. pr. Mailed anywhere PE 6-8933.

PIANO TUNING

PIANO TUNING, regulating, repairing and voicing. Pianos appraised. Excellent work. Ralph J. Appleton, 505 Fifth Avenue, Tel. MUrray Hill 2-2291.

PICTURE FRAMING

FINE PICTURE FRAMING. Large selection of **MODERN PRINTS.** Graphic Arts Exchange, 1147 B'way, nr. 26 St. MU 4-3586. 10% discount to NM readers.

WEARING APPAREL

"WHY PAY FOR SNOOTY LABELS?" For Beautifully Fashioned and Original Dresses, Coats & Hand Made Costume Hats at Prices within Reason Shop at Miss Goodman's, 474 7th Ave., LA 4-4013.

GOINGS ON

SENDER GARLIN speaks on **WAR PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUES: 1917-1940, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd,** 8:15 P.M., Progressive Forum, 430 Sixth Avenue. Admision 25c.

HARRY MARTEL speaks on **INTELLECTUALS, THE WAR AND COMMUNISM** this Saturday, Feb. 24, 2:45 P. M., at Irving Plaza, East 15th Street and Irving Place. Admission 25c. Auspices: Workers School.

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN reviews the News of the Week. Every **SUNDAY EVENING,** 8:30 P.M., at Irving Plaza, East 15 Street and Irving Place. Auspices, Workers School. Admission 25c.

ADVERTISE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR IN

the NEW MASSES under

"GOINGS ON"

A Column Devoted to What's On Around Town!

Parties, Dances, Lectures, Etc.

DEADLINE: FRIDAY, 5 P. M.

RATE: 50 CENTS A LINE

7 WORDS TO A LINE MINIMUM CHARGE $1.50

week. Under the desperate financial circumstances it was decided to permit the broadcast of *a whole opera* once a week. On the strength of this munificence, the public was asked to maintain the Met by contributions. So the rich passed the hat among the poor; the music-loving public responded loyally, enabling the wealthy to maintain their boxes and show off their persons, clothing, and jewelry.

This ridiculous and scandalous state of affairs has become even more incredible. Not only is the public asked to furnish the cost of the performances; it is being solicited for no less than $1,000,000 to buy the Metropolitan Opera Building in order to perpetuate the institution. This appeal is based on the vague grounds that the building is to be air-conditioned and thus made available for use "as a community center the year round" and as a "national cultural institution." But the only real public gain thus far proposed seems to be the abolition of one tier of boxes, permitting the sale to the public of perhaps 140 additional seats—at prices which most of the public won't be able to afford anyway. Yet, on January 31, President Roosevelt wrote to David Sarnoff, chairman of the radio division of the Metropolitan Opera Fund, expressing his satisfaction that "grand opera has now become, in a real sense, the people's opera rather than the possession of only a privileged few." Because the public is permitted to hear one performance a week in return for paying the Metropolitan Opera Company's bills, and is now being asked to pay for the building; because 140 more seats are to go on sale, and because the edifice is to be air-conditioned—grand opera has now become, in a real sense, "the people's opera"! Probably no one knows better than the President himself what fantastic nonsense this is. Nevertheless he endorses the campaign for funds from the public and thus evades responsibility for the maintenance and development not only of opera but of music in this country generally—a responsibility which belongs properly to the government itself.

REASONABLE DEMANDS

It seems only reasonable that if the American people must contribute funds to maintain what has thus far been the nation's only permanent opera company, they can at least ask in return: (1) that since the funds contributed go to cover the cost of all performances, all of those performances be broadcast, instead of only the Saturday afternoon ones; (2) that all performances be given in English, so that they can be understood and more deeply appreciated (in France, Italy, Germany, and the USSR, all opera is given in the language of the people); (3) that the Metropolitan Opera Company institute a national campaign for a government subsidy to maintain and develop opera (as well as symphony and other legitimate musical enterprises) in centers throughout the country, through the establishment of a federal Bureau of Fine Arts. FRANKLIN NEWMAN.

To Subscribe to NEW MASSES just fill out and mail this form

NEW MASSES
461 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

For the inclosed $..... please enter my subscription for the period indicated below:

☐ **SIX MONTHS** **$2.50**

☐ **ONE YEAR** **$4.50**

☐ **TWO YEARS** **$7.50**

☐ **THREE YEARS** **$10.00**

Name.....

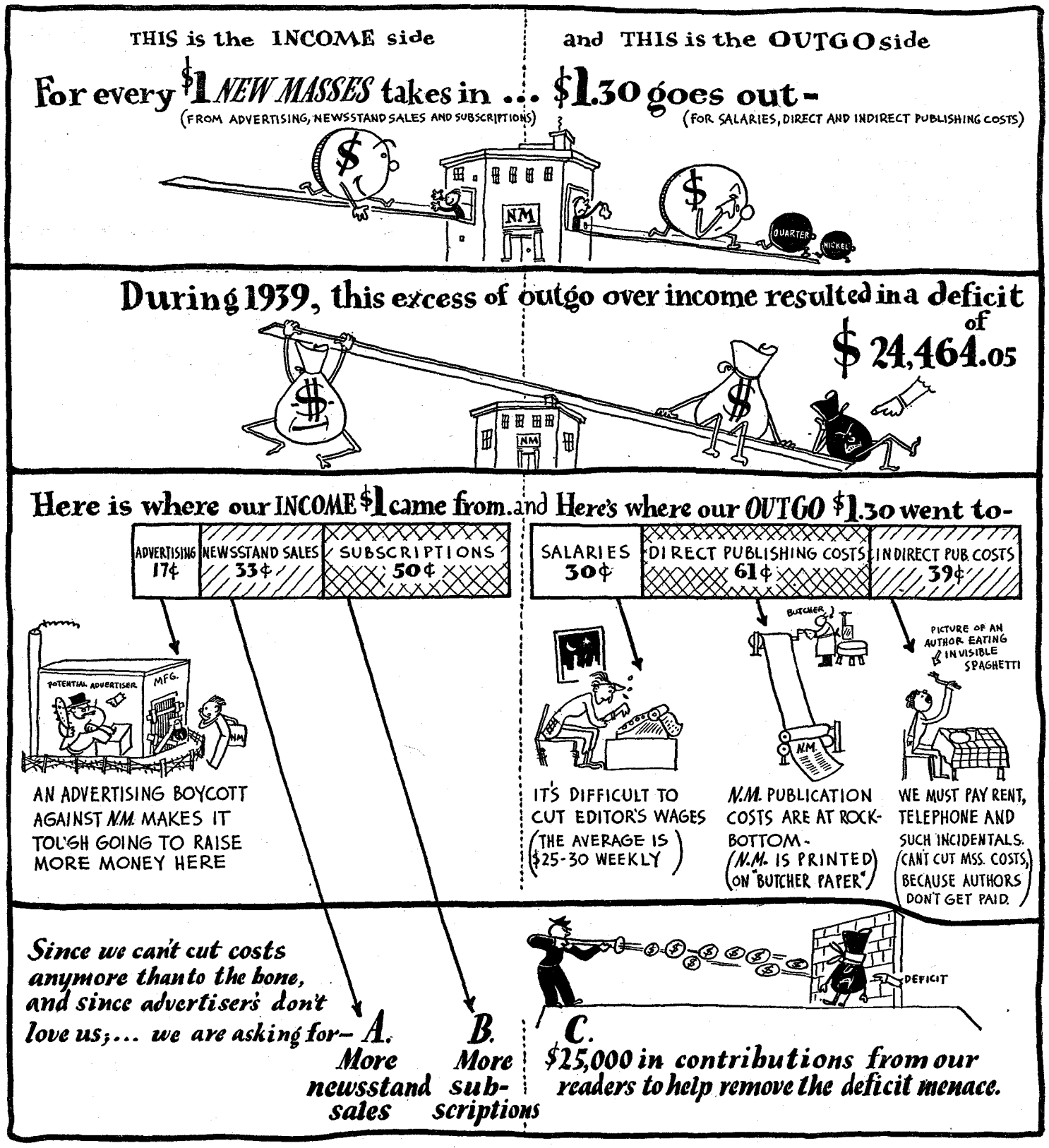
Street.....

City..... **State**.....

Extra postage per year: Foreign $1; Canadian 50c
2-27-40

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS


THIS is the INCOME side
and THIS is the OUTGO side
For every $1 NEW MASSES takes in ... $1.30 goes out -
(FROM ADVERTISING, NEWSSTAND SALES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS)
(FOR SALARIES, DIRECT AND INDIRECT PUBLISHING COSTS)
$
NM
QUARTER
NICKEL
During 1939, this excess of outgo over income resulted in a deficit of
$ 24,464.05
Here is where our INCOME $1 came from. and Here's where our OUTGO $1.30 went to-
ADVERTISING 17¢
NEWSSTAND SALES 33¢
SUBSCRIPTIONS 50¢
SALARIES 30¢
DIRECT PUBLISHING COSTS 61¢
INDIRECT PUB. COSTS 39¢
POTENTIAL ADVERTISER
MFG.
AN ADVERTISING BOYCOTT AGAINST N.M. MAKES IT TOUGH GOING TO RAISE MORE MONEY HERE
IT'S DIFFICULT TO CUT EDITOR'S WAGES (THE AVERAGE IS $25-30 WEEKLY)
BUTCHER
N.M.
N.M. PUBLICATION COSTS ARE AT ROCK-BOTTOM - (N.M. IS PRINTED ON "BUTCHER PAPER")
PICTURE OF AN AUTHOR EATING INVISIBLE SPAGHETTI
WE MUST PAY RENT, TELEPHONE AND SUCH INCIDENTALS. (CAN'T CUT MSS. COSTS, BECAUSE AUTHORS DON'T GET PAID.)
Since we can't cut costs anymore than to the bone, and since advertisers don't love us;... we are asking for-
A. More newsstand sales
B. More sub-scriptions
DEFICIT
C. $25,000 in contributions from our readers to help remove the deficit menace.

HERE's how your magazine operates. The story is told not with mirrors but with pictures based on hard cold statistics and figures certified as to accuracy by a certified public accountant. You can insure getting the truth every week of the year—the truth the commercial press of America dares not print if you contribute your truth insurance premium now. Help NEW MASSES raise $25,000 in the "Bill of Rights" Sustaining Drive. Do your part today. Use the coupon on page 30.

NEW MASSES

Established 1911

KEEP ABREAST OF THE TRUTH!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED